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Some Peculiar Rivers of the World.

One of the most curious rivers that have come to the knowledge of men is the Webbe Shebeyll of eastern Africa, a deep and rapid stream, abounding in strange fish, and ferocious crocodiles. Although it flows for hundreds of miles through fertile lands, the immense volume of water never reaches the sea. A short distance north of the equator the river is lost in a desert region a few miles from the Indian Ocean.

Some of the more recent explorers of Alaska and British America claim that the Mississippi can no longer be regarded as the largest river on the North American continent. This distinction is claimed for the great Yukon River. According to Ivan Petroff, who spent over two years in Alaska collecting materials for the last census, the Yukon empties into the Norton Sound about one-third more water than the Mississippi pours into the Gulf of Mexico. The Yukon basin comprises the larger part of Northern Alaska, and 600 miles from its mouth the river is a mile in width. Many centuries before it was discovered by white men it very likely served as the water highway into the interior for tribes whom we believe to have crossed from Asia to the American continent. The Yukon River is over 2,000 miles in length.

Travellers report that in Algeria there exists a small stream which the chemistry of nature has turned into ink. It is formed by the union of two rivulets, one of which is very strongly impregnated with iron, while the other, meandering through a peat marsh, imbibes large quantities of the gallic acid. Letters have been written with the natural compound of iron and gallic acid, which forms this small yet wonderful stream.

The Rio de Vinagre in Columbia is a stream, the waters of which, by admixture with sulphuric acid, become so sour that the river has been appropriately named the Rio de Vinagre, or Vinegar River.

The Orange or Garieh River, in Southern Africa, rises in the mountains which separate Natal from the Orange Free State. The length of this stream is 1,000 miles. Its banks abound in various valuable woods, and around it are found rich copper ores. In this stream are many varieties of fish, which are found until the river passes through a rocky river containing copper, below which the water is said to be poisonous, almost instantly killing the fish that venture near it.

Another remarkable river is the Indus, a great stream in Hindustan. It rises in Thibet, and its course is a



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wonderful one. On reaching the Sassi, its most northern point, it turns southward, losing itself in the hills, and reappears at Takot in Kohistan. The Indus is 1,700 miles in length. After receiving the waters of many tributaries, its channel grows narrow, and here it divides into many channels, some of which never return to the parent stream. It abounds with fish and crocodiles.

That classical river, the Ganges, is erratic in its course, like the Hoang Ho. It is prominent both in the religion and geography of India. It varies not only from season to season, but from year to year, and frequently exchanges old passages for new ones. It has been said that the Ganges delivers into the sea every year 543,000,000 tons of mud, sand and other matter.

Keeping Secrets.

A secret, like an oyster, cannot be kept too close, for the moment it is opened it ceases to exist.

A French philosopher says: "A man is more faithful to the secrets of another than to his own; a woman, on the contrary, preserves her own secret better than that of another."

The explanation given for woman's proneness to let the cat out of the bag is that she is afraid she might die, and then there would be no one left to keep it.

None are so fond of secrets as those

who don't mean to keep them; such persons covet secrets as a spendthrift covets money—for the purpose of circulation.

"My dear Murphy," said an Irishman to his friend, "why did you betray the secret I told you?" "Is it betrayin' you call it?" Sure, when I found I wasn't able to keep it myself, didn't I do well to tell it to somebody who could?"

Secrets are poor property. If you circulate them you lose the interest on the investment.

"What are you sealing up in that envelope so carefully Jones?" "Important instructions that I forgot to give my wife before I came to town this morning; I'm going to send it up home." "Will your wife open it at once, do you think?" "Rather! I've made sure of that." "How?" "I have addressed it to myself, and put a big 'private' on the corner of the envelope."

Statistics show that in fifty years the average height of British men has risen an inch. The present average height for a man of 30 is 5 feet 8½ inches.

Japanese dwellings are usually of but one floor. They are divided into the number of bedrooms the owner requires by paper shutters which fit into grooves. These partitions can be removed at will.

Temperance Reform.

An American exchange says: Hardly less important (than early protests against slavery) to the life of the nation was the temperance reform, which began in 1825, and went forward with notable vigor and lasting results for thirty years thereafter. At the opening of the century it really seemed as if the manhood of America were about to be drowned in strong drink. The cheapness of untaxed intoxicants—rum, whiskey and applejack—made by anyone who chose to undertake the business, and sold at every gathering of the people without reference to the age or sex of the purchaser, had made drunkenness almost universal. Samuel Breck, at the close of the eighteenth century, says that in his time it was impossible to secure a servant—white or black, bond or free—who could be depended upon to keep sober for twenty-four hours. All classes and professions were affected: the judge was "overcome" on the bench, the minister sometimes staggered on his way to the pulpit. When a church had to be built it was calculated that the cost of the rum needed would be greater than that of the lumber or the labor employed. When an ecclesiastical convention of any kind was to be entertained, it was a question how much strong drink would be required for the reverend members.



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Making a Start in the Northwest.

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Mrs. L. D. Hill.

CHAPTER I.

It was a cold day in the early part of March, and Florrie Mitchell was trying to look through the snow-covered window of the little shanty which her brother Tom had put up on his homestead the summer before. Tom was the oldest of five boys ranging from twenty-five to fifteen, and Florrie, who had come up from the East to keep house for him last October, was just twenty. There was another girl about thirteen, but she was at home with her mother and the boys on the farm in Ontario.

Tom had heard great things prophesied of the Northwest about a year and a half ago and had decided to leave the home farm to the care of his younger brothers and strike out for himself by taking up a homestead in the new land of promise.

Florrie had to get a knife and scratch off the accumulated frost on the window pane before she could see anything outside. Even then the outlook was not particularly encouraging. The fine snow was falling in thick soft flakes looking as if, like Tennyson's "Brook," it was going to go on for ever. Tom was away at the nearest town (thirty miles off) for groceries and flour, and Florrie was hoping soon to hear the welcome sound of the sleigh bells telling of his safe return. All around was the wide and desolate looking prairie. It was nearly five o'clock in the evening, and the snow had been falling for over a couple of hours. There was a bright wood fire burning in the little stove, and the place looked warm and comfortable after the driving snow outside. There was only one room down and one up. Florrie slept in the upper room, which was only high enough in the middle for anyone to stand upright in, and Tom had a bed in the corner of the lower room. This, with three chairs, a table, and the stove, was pretty nearly all the furniture it contained. There was a large cupboard under the stairs, where their small stock of provisions was kept, and which contained a couple of shelves at one end, where the milk from their two cows was kept until they had cream enough for a churning. No other house was within six miles, and the only objects to be seen outside were the sod stable and a small teepee of wood which was fast coming to an end.

There was a smell of pork and potatoes cooking in the oven, and the kettle was singing merrily on the stove. Then all at once there was a jingle of bells outside and Florrie ran to the door to welcome her brother. It was him sure enough, and he had another man with him.

"I have brought you a visitor, sis," he said, by way of explanation; "you remember George Newsome, who used to go to school with us more than a dozen years since at home."

Florrie remembered the name, but the young man who came forward and took her hand seemed a total stranger to her. There was no trace left of the awkward boy of fifteen that she remembered, in the tall sunburnt young fellow with the merry brown eyes who now stood before her. He shook hands with a glance of admiration which brought a warm flush to the

girl's cheek, and then he turned and went out to help her brother put the horses in and feed up before supper, leaving Florrie to set out the only spare cup and saucer they possessed for the new comer's supper. It did not take them long to feed up the team and the five head of stock in the stable, and they were soon back again in the house.



THE HAYMAKER.

The young men were pretty hungry and it was not until a goodly quantity of the pork and potatoes, together with bread and butter and stewed apples, was dispatched, that there was much time for conversation. Then they drew up their chairs to the stove, and, while Florrie cleared away the supper things, there was much merry talk about past times and old school scrapes that the boys had been in together.

"George had only been in Brixton about two hours when I got in with the sleighs," said Tom. "He wants to take up land out here, and I persuaded him to come along back with me, and look out a quarter near us. If he takes up land here he'll get one of the girls out in a while, and then you'll have fine times with her Florrie, while we're away at work."

"Indeed, that will be fine," said Florrie, "and George will be great company for you, too."

So after a few more inquiries after old friends and neighbors, it was settled that, if the following morning was fine, as it seemed likely to be (for the snow had ceased and the moon was beginning to shine) that the boys would go to the bluffs, nine miles away, for another load of wood to last till the break-up; and the day following should be spent in looking over the adjacent land for a suitable homestead. Then Florrie retired to her room and left the boys to smoke a final pipe before betaking themselves to bed. It was sometime before she fell asleep, for the new arrival had made quite a break in the quiet, uneventful life she had hitherto led with her brother, but she had been up early, and as the low murmur of voices downstairs gradually ceased, her eyes closed and she too fell asleep to dream of her old home, which somehow got strangely mixed up with fresh scenes and pleasures to come.

CHAPTER II.

It was fine in the morning, and the two young men started off in good time for their load of wood. The fresh snow was not very thick, but it had not frozen hard in the night and the trail was soft, and hard to find. However, by dint of much hunting about, and often getting down to lead the plunging horses, Tom and his friend at last reached the bluffs. There was only small wood—all the large trees had vanished long since, and it took them two good hours work to cut and load

up with the small saplings remaining. At last they had finished, and, after eating a bit of lunch on the shady side of the load, they made a start for home. It was two o'clock and after by this time. The sun had been out pretty strong, and the trail, such as it was, did not seem any too good; but they went on all right for about four miles and then, when nearly half-way home, one horse got off the trail and plunged

runner of the sleigh, and over went the load. The boys were walking at the time, as it happened, luckily for them, but they had enough to do as it was to take the horses out, and tramp the snow down, and finally to take the shovel. They had brought with them and dig round the runners, so that the horses could pull the sleigh out. By the time they had done this and put their load on again, it was nearly five o'clock, and they made a fresh

start for home. It seemed as if bad luck attended them, however, for they had not got above another mile on the road when the performance was repeated, and they had to get to work with the shovel and then load up again, and it was close on eight o'clock before they sighted the lighted window of the house. Florrie was looking out for them and supper was on the table when they got in.

Next morning Tom drove his friend over the land for about three or four miles round, and George finally picked a quarter about two miles from the cabin in which his friends lived, and then, when they came back, George sat down and wrote out his application for the quarter ready to be posted the next time Tom went into Brixton. A week passed over pleasantly enough for the friends, and then Tom drove his friend into town again, where he intended to remain for a week or two until he got an answer from the land office. It was arranged between the boys that, if George got his papers before Tom was in town again, he should be getting what things he would absolutely require for a beginning, so that Tom could draw them down to his own place. Florrie missed the pleasant cats and laughter which had lately made a change in their quiet life; the days seemed somehow much longer than they had done before George came down, but the fortnight came to an end at last, and Tom drove off to town once more, leaving Florrie to bustle round with her work in quite a pleasant flutter of excitement. Long before he could possibly return she was looking out for them, but it was not till nearly six o'clock that she heard Bunch, the old dog, bark, and saw two teams coming over the ridge about half a mile away, the first being her brother's, with groceries and various other things, and the other one George Newcome's, with lumber to put up a little shack for himself. Of course she had to admire the two grey horses that George had bought. He had left his wagon in the town, and had borrowed sleighs to bring his lumber down, intending to take them back again as soon as he could and bring the rest of the things down in the wagon when the snow was gone, which would not be many days, for water was standing in little pools now on the trails. So he went back the next day but one, promising to return with the rest of his lumber in two trips with the wagon



THE CAMPER'S PARADISE.



FIRST YEAR ON THE HOMESTEAD.

wheels. A fortnight's brisk work ensued, for the two boys were busy on Tom's land a good part of the day, getting things ready for the crop, and all their spare time was devoted to putting up George's shack. It was bright moonlight, and, after an early supper, they would go over to George's place, and Florrie would milk the two cows, and feed up, and then take old Bunch and walk over to where they were working, and they would all stroll back again between ten and eleven o'clock, and it was often twelve before they got to bed. It was a busy time, but it was a merry one too, and at the end of the two weeks George looked with great pride upon their work. His house was pretty much on the same plans as Tom's and they spent a merry evening there before George went back to Brixton at the end of the two weeks to get a few articles of furniture, and post a letter home asking his

trunks. Then, while the boys went to put up the horses in the little sod stable, the two girls sat down in the living room of the cabin, and talk—didn't they talk. Lottie had been quite a little dot when Florrie had seen her last, but though she was two years younger than Florrie, she was nearly as tall now. Then the boys came in, and there was not much time lost between talking and eating, you may be sure, and after supper, while the boys went out to do up the horses for the night Florrie had to show Lottie all the arrangements for her comfort. After that they had to walk over to Tom's place, and feed up there, and milk, and George and Lottie were finally persuaded to stay there all night. Tom promised to drive them home after an early breakfast in the morning, as he was going to help George with his team on the farm. This was but a sample of many succeeding days,

and he had borrowed Tom's last summer, and would still be able to borrow Tom's binder next fall.

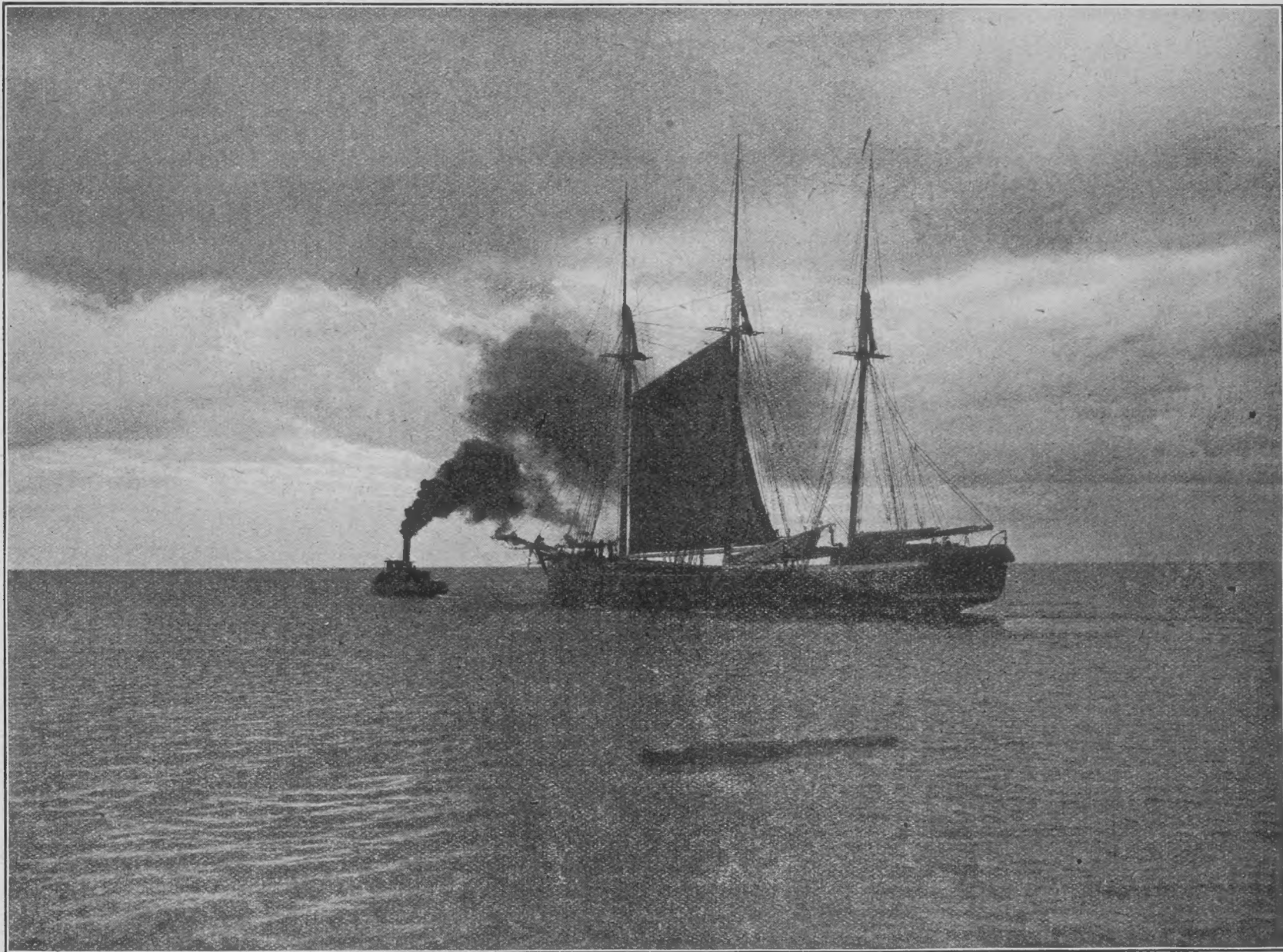
CHAPTER III.

After Christmas was over the hard weather set in. Some days the boys could hardly find the stable through the blizzards, and were glad when the chores were done for the day, and they could sit round the stove in the evenings. Now and then Bunch would prick his ears up when he heard the coyote's melancholy howl in the distance, and he would run to the door breathing low growls and defiant barks at the unseen enemy. The girls were busy all the long evenings making quilts out of the cloth patches which they could muster up from old shirts and coats, and knitting socks for their brothers; and the boys had tools to mend and get ready for spring.

So the months went on and it was

too full of your own affairs to see what was going on, but I knew all along, and now it only remains for us to write home and let the old folks know, and get their consent. Indeed, I know mother will be quite pleased, and I will ask her to come up for a fortnight for the wedding, and Willie could come and look after the stock while we went into town to the minister's."

So things were settled accordingly and George, who had received a cheque from his father some time before, went into town to buy a couple of cows and some fowl, and wrote at once to his father telling him their plans, and posted a letter from Florrie to her mother, asking her to come out in a month from then, and bring her youngest brother Willie, now about sixteen, to look after things for a few days. George took back two fine cows, with some fowl and a lot of provisions, and a new dress for Lottie to be married



OUTWARD BOUND.

sister Lottie to come up by the cars in time for him to fetch her out in two weeks' more. He was back again the next day with his purchases, and then he and Tom got to work to put in wheat and oats on Tom's land, and Florrie would run up to George's place in her spare time and knock up nails and put up curtains and other odds and ends in readiness for Lottie. The girls had been in the same class at school ten years before our story opens, but they had not met since that time, for Newcome's folks had moved away from the old village to a farm about fifty miles away. The great day came at last and George went into town to fetch out his sister, and the next day Tom and Florrie went over to George's place and got a fire on and everything in readiness for the travellers' return. There were no sleigh bells this time, but Bunch began to bark as soon as the horses' heads showed over the low hills half a mile away. Tom and Florrie ran out and were soon busy helping out first Lottie and then her two

for while the boys took turns in helping one another on the two places, the girls were to and fro the whole time, as busy as two bees. Then came hay time and they had to take up dinners to the place where their brother's were working and then ride back in the evening on the loads of hay, and get supper while the boys "did up" the chores. After haytime the wheat and cats had to be cut, and after that again the potatoes had to be got up, and the two girls were as busy as anyone picking potatoes after their other work was done. So the summer passed away and it was nearing Christmas, the boys on the road every day drawing wood from the bluffs, one day to one place and the next to the other. They had settled for Lottie and George to stay with the Mitchell's that winter. It would be nice for the girls, and George had only got his team. He had no other stock of any kind at present, but his father was sending him money in the spring to buy cows and other things which he required, also a mower and

once more April. The snow had nearly gone and the crocuses were showing on the hillsides, when one morning, while George was in the stable with his friend before breakfast, he stopped suddenly in his job of feeding up his horses, and giving Tom a hearty slap on the back, he said: "

"Well, Tom, old fellow, it seems a shame, and I don't know how you'll feel about it, but the fact is Florrie and I have been talking things over, and we have decided (with your consent, of course) to make a match of it, or how will it be for you on the farm by yourself?"

At this Tom burst out laughing, and, adopting an absurd imitation of George's serious manner, he said:

"Well, George, old fellow, Lottie and I have been talking things over also, and I think I may say, a fair exchange is no robbery, if it is agreeable to you."

"Well," said George, seizing his friend's hand and shaking it heartily, "I never had the least suspicion."

"No," said Tom, "your head's were

in, and then the boys got to work on the land, and had got quite a lot ready on both places by two weeks, when Tom went in for letters and other things and got his mother's letter, saying she would want him to meet her and Willie three weeks from that day, and saying also that she was bringing Florrie's wedding dress down with her, and was coming to stay for two weeks certain. He also got a letter from George's father giving his consent and hearty good wishes, and a letter for George also.

We will pass over the time before the wedding day. Tom fetched his mother and brother out on the first Saturday in May, and on the Monday, after George drove the two girls and Tom in to Brixton, leaving Mrs. Mitchell and Willie to divide their attentions between the two households till their return on the following day.

Next morning the two couples presented themselves at the manse, and the solemn words were spoken which transformed Florrie Mitchell into Flor-

rie Newcome and Lottie Newcome into Lottie Mitchell.

After the wedding they started on their long drive home, and now we will leave them to pursue their journey, after having, as we think, fairly made their "start in the Northwest."

Tit for Tat.

Said a young and tactless husband
To his inexperienced wife:
"If you should give up leading
Such a fashionable life,
And devote more time to cooking—
How to mix and when to bake—
Then perhaps you might make pastry
Such as mother used to make."

And the wife, resenting, answered
(For the worm will turn, you know):
"If you would give up horses
And a score of clubs or so,
To devote more time to business—
When to buy and what to stake—
Then, perhaps, you might make money
Such as father used to make."

—Selected.

A Bunyan Bible.

Last April it was exactly two hundred and thirty years since John Bunyan was lodged in Bedford gaol, and during that month it was announced that the original warrant for Bunyan's arrest would be sold.

We reproduce in full this memorable document, signed, as will be seen, by thirteen Justices of the Peace.

To the Constables of Bedford and to every one of them
Whereas information and complaint is made unto us that (notwithstanding the Kings Majties late Act of most gracious gen'all and free pardon to all his Subjects for past misde-meanors that by his said clemencie and indulgent grace and favor they might bee moved and induced for the time to come more faithfully to observe his Highenes lawes and Statutes and to continue in their loyall and due obedience to his Majtie) yett onè John Bunnyon of yor said Towne Tynker hath divers times within one Month past in contempt if his Majties good Lawes preached

J. Napier

W. Beecher

G. Bundell

Hum: Monoux

Will franklin

John Ventris

Will Spencer
Will Gery
Wm Daniel
St Jo: Chernocke
T Browne
W: ffoster
Gaius Squier

or taught at a Conventicle Meeteing or assembly under or color or p'tence of exercise of Religion in other manner than according to the Liturgie or practice of the Church of England. These are therefore in his Majties name to command you forthwith to apprehend and bring the Body of the said John Bunnion bee fore us or any of us, or other his Majties Justice of peace within said County to answer the premises and further to doe and receive as to Lawe and Justice shall appertaine and hereof you are not to faile. Given under our handes and seales this fflowerth day of March in the seaven and twentieth yeare of the Raigne of our most gracious Sovereigne Lord King Charles the Second Ao Dni juxta &c 1674.

Moustaches Among Women.

A learned German who has devoted himself to the study of physiology, anthropology and allied sciences, makes the rather startling assertion that moustaches are becoming commoner among women of the present day than in the past. He says that in Constantinople, among the unveiled women that are to be met with, one out of ten possess an unmistakable covering of down on the upper lip. In the capital of Spain, again, the proportion of ladies with the masculine characteristic is said to be quite equal to that observable in the Golden Horn. An American medical man states that in Philadelphia fully 3 per cent. of the adult fair sex are similarly adorned, and probably the proportion would be still larger but that many women take the trouble to eradicate the unwelcome growth by the application of depilatory preparations.

Crow!



I am a Rooster.
Proud of it, too.
I want to mention
I'm glad I'm living
When folks are giving
So much attention
To me and my kind.
Of course, I crow,
But never mind!
I know
That you
Would, too,
If you were me.
A rooster
Used to
Have a hard scratching,
To keep a full crop
When hens were hatching
Eggs, but how
Times have changed now!
With poultry food,
And cut green bone
And hatchers made of wood,
Life is one big snap,
And I don't give a rap
For anything.
In this day,
I don't have to beg
To get a hen
To lay an egg.
She makes up her mind to lay
All alone,
She's so full of cut bone.
And she doesn't get broody
And shrink
Laying, for an incubator
does the work
Of hatching now. Men
are apt to talk about
"The fussy hen,"
But I declare
It isn't fair
To blame her.
You'd fuss, too,
If you didn't know
Whether you were sitting
On good eggs
Or a doorknob!



And, then, it plays hob
With your nerves to have a rat
Or a cat
Come and eat your last hatch.
But you bet
That's all done for now;
Newfangled tricks
For hatching chicks
Have fixed that all right,
And the hen's
Simply out of sight.
That's why I'm glad.
You might think
I'd be sad
Or take to drink
When I contemplate
The fate
Before me. My lot
Is to fill a pot.
With me, it's from the coop
To chicken-soup,
Or perhaps I'll meet
You in a fry,
So think of me tenderly,
While I live, and
I'll be tender
When I die.
Now mister man,
Just try my plan,
And when you feel like crowing,
Crow!
You don't know
When
You'll have a chance
Again.
Don't get an axe
And try
To knock; be a booster,
And maybe some day
They'll fill you up
With

Yours Truly
A. WYANDOTTE
ROOSTER.



Judicious Advertising.



The Tide of Years.

Come back, O Youth, with all your hopes and fears,
Across the years which thickly intervene;
I do not ask your hair of silken sheen,
Your rosy cheeks, or eyes that shine through tears;
Nay, though this mirrored visage strange appears,
Like some pale masque which rudely comes between,
And hides the face so long and often seen—
For this, I do not call across the years.

But give me back the joy and courage high,
The bounding pulse, the ardent soul of yore,
And hope I knew when long life spread before,
And all Life's gifts seemed in my path to lie
Let Age pile frost on my devoted head,
So thou, O Youth, reign in my heart instead.
—Ninette M. Lowater.

Some Reasons why Some People are Poor.

Their ideas are larger than their purses.

They think "the world owes them a living."

They do not keep account of their expenditures.

They are easy dupes of schemers and promoters.

They reverse the maxim, "Duty before pleasure."

They have too many and too expensive amusements.

They do not think it worth while to save nickels and dimes.

They have risked an assured competence in trying to get rich quickly.

They allow friends to impose upon their good nature and generosity.

They try to do what others expect of them, not what they can afford.

The parents are economical, but the children have extravagant ideas.

They do not do today what they can possibly put off until tomorrow.

They do not think it worth while to put contracts or agreements in writing.

They prefer to incur debt rather than to do work which they consider beneath them.

They do not dream that little mortgages on their homes can ever turn them out of doors.

They have indorsed their friend's notes or guaranteed payment just "for accommodation."

They risk all their eggs in one basket when they are not in a position to watch or control it.—Orison Swett Marden.

As in Olden Time.

Behold the enemy goes forth, brazen-faced and strong,

Making wrecks of hearts and homes, and glorying in the wrong.

Every day new crimes, new woes, every day new cause for shame—

Say, are we Christians truly, or Christians only in name?

Love we not the good and pure; say, are there no righteous laws,

Or is the Devil king and we all soldiers in his cause?

Some say the world grows better, and some say that it grows worse;

I hold to this latter view and I lay it to the curse

Of greed for gain, of lust, to indifference and ease,

Which blind us to all else, and hence our woes and miseries.

"Give us riches, give us power—bah, what care we for the right?"

Say these worshippers of mammon and every false delight.

"We know no right save that which to our basest passions yield;

What though we wreck a home, a life, our will shall be our shield.

We answer not to any God, and as for mortal man,

Who is he that on our desires shall dare to place a ban?

"Morality." What means that word? We know no moral rule.

And "honor," that is something which most interests a fool.

We walk rough-shod upon the weak, the poor we crush at will,

And as for the "innocents"—they're marked for slaughter still.

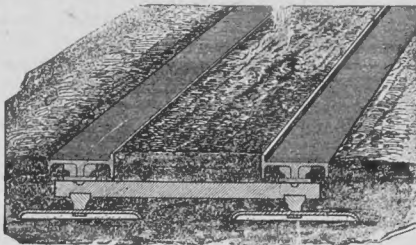
Thus Herods still hold court on earth, Judasses still betray,

And Barrabus is preferred to Christ, as in the olden day.

—Waskada Watchman.

Steel Roads for Country.

In the springtime, when the frost is coming out of the ground and nearly all the roads in and around our country towns are long lines of mire, one cannot help wondering, when con-



STEEL TRACK HIGHWAY.

sidering the subject of our highways, why the government is not quicker to respond to the appeals for aid in their improvement, and why it does not push the adoption of a system of roads that will last for long periods with but slight expenditure for repairs.

Nearly seven years ago the office of Road Inquiries of the Department of Agriculture conducted experiments with steel rails for use on country roads, and made arrangements with a

large steel works for the rolling of suitable rails for this purpose. At that time the 8-inch rails for a mile of steel roadway, weighing about 100 tons, could be purchased for about \$3,500, and the price has not increased much since. A sample steel road two miles in length between Valentia and Grao, Spain, had then been in use for five years under exceedingly heavy traffic, and had shown splendid results; yet the United States did not, and has not as yet, profited by this experiment in an ordinary unprogressive foreign country, and we have today no steel roads for commercial purposes save the short section in Murray Street, this city, laid about a year and a half ago. As for the foreign example mentioned during the time it has been in use, the annual cost of maintaining the roadbed has been \$380, against \$5,470 yearly expended to keep the flint stone road which preceded it in repair. The average traffic over this road is 3,200 vehicles per day. This example of a steel road and its lasting qualities is not the only one abroad, but it is the most noteworthy.

But aside from the permanency of such a road, and the slight expense of keeping it in repair, the greatest advantage that it offers is the reduction in

power required to haul loads over it. Tests have shown that while it requires five times as much power to pull a given load on a loose gravel or dirt road as it does over good macadam, and ten times as much power to pull the same load through loose sand or mud, on steel rails only one-sixth as much power is needed as on macadam. This great reduction in power, and consequent diminishment of wear and tear on draft horses, is all the more valuable in that it is permanent and lasts throughout all seasons; so that the farmer is not obliged to figure on a greater loss of time and fatigue of his horses at one season of the year than at another. If self-propelled vehicles are considered, these need not be nearly so powerful as they would otherwise have to be, and they can be operated with great economy. The importance of a special track for self-propelled vehicles was recognized in the early days of the locomotive. Such a track was built and improved until the steel railway track of today was finally developed. Now that the self-propelled vehicle has again come on the scene in the form of the automobile, it has drawn attention to the needs of good roads for all vehicular traffic, since the increase in power needed to pull a machine



IDYLLS OF THE COUNTRY.

through the mire can no longer be "whipped out of the horse," but must be drawn from a large reserve, and, in the case of the electric automobile, can be accurately measured on every machine. Thus, when it is brought directly to one's notice, and the total mileage of the machine is greatly reduced because of it, the owner sees his expense account rapidly rising, and demands a better highway. This demand is soon to be fulfilled by private corporations, which have recognized it, and have devised systems of steel roads that can be built at no greater cost than a macadam road, and maintained at far less expense. It is to be hoped that the supervisors of roads in the various states will investigate the steel road more thoroughly, and that trial sections may be built for the purpose of comparison with the best macadam roads.—Scientific American.

by day, and the women to bind the sheaves, till the vast field held the village, yet they seemed but a handful buried in the tunnels of the golden mine; they were lost in it like the hares, for, as the wheat fell, the shocks arose behind them—low tents of corn. Your skin or mine could not have stood the scratching of the straw, which is stiff and sharp, and the burning of the sun, which blisters like red-hot iron. No one could stand the harvest-field as a reaper, except he had been born and cradled in a cottage, and passed his childhood bareheaded in July heats and January snows. I was always fond of being out of doors, yet I used to wonder how these men and women could stand it, for the summer day is long, and they were there hours before I was up. The edge of the reap-hook had to be driven by force through the stout stalks, like a

frenzy, the heat, the aches, the illness, the sunstroke, always impending in the air, the stomach hungry again before the meal was over, it was nothing. No song, no laugh, no stay-on from morning to night—possessed with a maddened desire to labor, for the more they could cut the larger the sum they would receive; and what is a man's heart and brain to money? So hard, you see, is the pressure of human life that these miserable would have prayed on their knees for permission to tear their arms from their sockets, and to scorch and shrivel themselves to charred brands in the furnace of the sun.

Does it not seem bitter that it should be so? Here was the wheat—the beauty of which I strive in vain to tell, in the midst of the flowery summer—scouring them with the knot of necessity; that which should give life

tradition of the wheat field, handed down from generation to generation, a thing you could not possibly do unless you had been shown the secret—like the knots the sailors tie, a kind of hand art. The wheat stalk being thick at one end makes the sheaf heavier and more solid there, and so, in any manner of fastening or stacking it, it takes a rounded shape like a ninepin; the round ricks are built thick in the middle, and lessen gradually toward the top and toward the ground. The warm yellow of the straw is very pleasant to look at on a winter's day under a grey sky; so, too, the straw looks nice and warm and comfortable, thrown down thickly in the yards for the roan cattle.

—O—O—O—

Of the 391 different kinds of British birds only 140 are resident all the year.



A COMBINED HAVESTER IN ACTION.

By this Mechanism Passing Over the Field the Grain is Cut, Threshed and Stacked, Ready for Shipment.

Description of Old Time Harvesting.

The following description of old-time harvesting in England appeared in the Sept. 6th number of the Agricultural World, London. It was taken from "Walks in the Wheat Fields," by the late Richard Jefferies:

No one knew the day—the last day of doom of the golden race; everyone knew it was nigh. One evening there was a small square piece cut at one side, a little notch, and two shocks stood there in the twilight. Next day the village sent forth its army with their crooked weapons to cut and slay. It used to be an era, let me tell you, when a great farmer gave the signal to his reapers; not a man, woman or child, that did not talk of that. Well-to-do people stopped their vehicles and walked out into the new stubble. Ladies came, farmers, men of low degree, everybody—all to exchange a word or two with the workers. These were so terribly in earnest at the start, they could scarcely acknowledge the presence even of the squire. They felt themselves so important, and were so full, and so intense and one-minded in their labor, that the great of the earth might come and go as the sparrows for aught they cared. More men and more men were put on day

sword, blow after blow, minute after minute, hour after hour, the back stooping, and the broad sun throwing his fiery rays from a full disc on the head and neck. I think some of them used to put handkerchiefs doubled up in their hats as pads, as in the East they wind the long roll of the turban about the head, and had adopted the custom of the south, and wound a long scarf about the body, for they were very liable to be struck down with such internal complaints as come from great heat. Their necks grew black, much like oak in old houses. Their open chests were always bare, and flat, and stark, and never rising with rounded bust—like muscle, as the Greek statues of athletes.

The breast-bone was burned black, and their arms, tough as ash, seemed cased in leather. They grew visibly thinner in the harvest-field, and shrunk together—all flesh disappearing, and nothing but sinew and muscle remaining. Never was such work. The wages were low in those days, and it is not long ago, either—I mean the all-year-round wages. The reaping was piece-work at so much per acre—like solid gold to men and women who had lived on dry bones, as it were, through the winter. So they worked and slaved, and tore at the wheat as if they were seized with a

pulling the life out of them, rendering their existence below that of the cattle, so far as the pleasure of living goes. Without a doubt many a low mound in the churchyard—once visible, now level,—was the sooner raised over the nameless dead because of that terrible strain in the few weeks of the gold fever. This is human life, real human life; no rest, no calm enjoyment of the scenes, no generous gift of food and wine lavishly offered by the gods, the hard fist of necessity forever battering man to a shapeless and hopeless fall.

The whole village lived in the field; a cornland village is always the most populous, and every rood of land thereabouts in a sense maintains its man. The reaping and the binding up and stacking of the sheaves and the carting and building of the ricks, and the gleaning—there was something to do for every one, from the "olde, olde, very olde man," the Thomas Parr, of the hamlet, down to the very youngest child, whose little eye could see, and whose little hand could hold a stock of wheat. The gleaners had a way of binding up the collected wheat stalks together, so that a very large quantity was held tightly, in a very small compass. The gleaners' sheaf looked like a knot of a girl's hair woven in and bound. It was a

Rattlesnake Superstitions.

The rattlesnake, because of its venomous bite, is universally dreaded, and numerous curious beliefs are current respecting this reptile, also the use to which various parts may be put, and the treatment of its bite. The rattle, if tied to a string and suspended from the neck of an infant, will serve to prevent convulsions; if carried by an adult, it will guard against rheumatism. The oil is employed as a remedy for deafness, and the venom, diluted, mixed with bread, and made into pills, has been administered internally to cure rheumatism. Another curious superstition, is that if one places a snake's tongue upon the palm of his hand—beneath the glove—it will cause any girl, regardless of her previous indifference, to ardently return his passion if he be enabled but once to take her hand within his own. This resembles to a certain extent the former use in Germany of a dove's tongue, which was similarly employed; and furthermore, if one became aware that the choice of his heart failed to respond to his affection, he had only to place a dove's tongue within his mouth and snatch a kiss, when the girl's objection or indifference to him would instantly vanish.

Jerusalem as I Saw It.

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Mrs. Julia A. Symington.

From this great centre of interest to the tourist the next in importance naturally would be the mosque of Omar. It is situated on Mt. Moriah, one of the five mountains of which Jerusalem is built. It is separated from Olivet by the Kedron and from Zion by the Tyropean Valley. On this mount, the statement is generally accepted, Abraham intended to offer up Isaac, in accordance with his early training that God required human sacrifices, and these must be the best beloved, and also this was the site of the threshing floor of Ornan the Jebusite, which David bought for 600 shekels of gold and built an altar unto the Lord and offered burnt offerings. There also Solomon built the first temple on earth to Jehovah, and adorned it with all the treasures that wealth and wisdom could command. Under the direction of our guide we entered the enclosure that is 1,600 feet from north to south on the east side, 1,500 on the west side, the north end 1,000 feet and the south end 900 feet. Arches, oratories and traditional sites of events that never occurred are very numerous over the whole of this extensive platform. Ascending a few steps, we reached an elevated plateau in the centre of which stands the Mosque, an octagonal building lined on the outside with marble and higher up with blue tiling and surmounted by a dome, on the top of which is a gilded crescent which can be seen from a long distance glittering in the bright sunlight. I put on yellow slippers that would not stay on, at the eastern gate, for infidel boots, no matter how clean, would pollute the sacred place, and then entered the mosque.

The walls are covered with beautiful marble; the interior of the dome and upper part of the walls are covered with mosaics of many colors. Here and in the Mosque El Aksa are pillars carved like twisted strands of rope; the capitals of which, in the form of doves, have been mutilated by Mohammedan fanatics. They may have belonged to the courts of the second temple, or to the Temple of Solomon itself, for the style of workmanship is not Grecian, Roman or Saracenic. The windows contain richly colored glass, and quotations from the Koran arranged around the interior of the dome. On the floor is a slab with a number of golden headed nails, one of which is taken out at the end of every epoch. Only three and a half remain, and when they are removed the end of the world will come. And the Mohammedan tradition is that both Mohammed and Jesus will then come. At their advent, a line, fine as a thread, will be stretched cross the valley of Jehoshaphat, one end of which will be fastened to a piece of column now being built into the eastern wall of Jerusalem and the other end fastened to the Mount of Olives. At one end Mohamet will stand, at the other Jesus, and all who can walk over that thread will be admitted into Paradise and the others perish. Immediately under the dome is Es-Sakhrah, "the rock." It is the levelled top of Mt. Moriah, about 60 feet long and 55 feet broad, and 5 feet above the floor of the mosque. This is called the Stone of Foundation, and was the nucleus, according to the Talmud, around which the world was formed. When Solomon brought the ark from the tabernacle on Mount Zion to the temple, the Talmud states it was placed on the Stone of Foundation. On the southeast there are steps descending to a cave in the rock, above is an opening to the top of the Sakhrah; below the stone floor of the cave it is hollow, and, as is thought, this may have been the receptacle for the blood and other matter from the burnt offering which was then washed down through subterranean passages to the southeast into the valley of Hinnom. The Moham-

medan priests, however, inform the people that it is the abode of the wicked, whose moaning can occasionally be heard, and this absurdity the guide will repeat with unwavering belief in its truth. It is probable the present enclosure is of the same extent as in our Lord's time, and encloses the site of the Temple of Solomon. Herod repaired and beautified the



OUTSIDE MOSQUE OF OMAR.

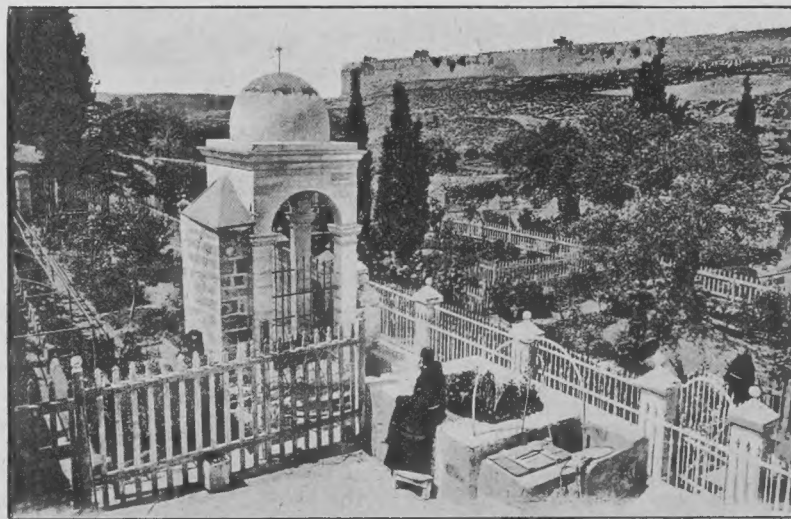
second temple and encompassed a piece of land twice as large as before enclosed.

The author of the Jerusalem Itinerary, who visited Jerusalem in 333 A.D., says two statues of Hadrian were on the site of the Temple of Solomon, and these statues were near a pierced rock, to which the Jews came every year and anoint with oil. I think it is Jerome who says these statues were on the site of the Holy of Holies. If this be so, on that rock rested the Ark of the Covenant and the mercy seat; it was bathed by the glory of the Shekinah and on it the High Priest alone trod once a year. It is at least probable that it was enclosed in the temple and that the altar of burnt offering was close to the southeast part of this rock; and if the temple, excluding the porch, was 60 cubics long, it is quite possible this rock may have been included in the Holy of Holies. The Mohammedans venerate the Es-Sakhrah very highly. It is enclosed with a railing 5 feet high, and the shiiks of the mosque watch visitors and threaten them if they dare

though now covered with dust, it has been baptized with the visible glory of God. A short distance south is situated the entrance to vaults, called the stables of Solomon. Immense pillars support the arches. The cavern was used to stable the horses of the crusaders; the rings are yet seen to which the horses were fastened. The whole platform of the Mosque of Omar is hollow ground; there are vaults and underground passages everywhere. This, however, is the spot, sacred by age, by its ancient glory and the presence of Jehovah, for when Greece was in heathenism and before Rome was born, or Britain known, the true God was worshipped in Moriah. Though the second temple was inferior to the first, because it did not

contain the Ark and the Shekinah, its glory was infinitely greater, for in its courts and walls God, manifest in flesh, was seen and almost under its very shadow died for the redemption of sinners.

A short distance east of the Damascus Gate is a small opening under the city walls. Our guide entered first; we squeezed through with some difficulty. Within was the blackness of darkness, save the light around the opening through which we had just entered. This vast cavern stretched east and west and southward beneath the platform, on which the Mosque of Omar stands. We lit our candles and then began to creep cautiously over heaps of fallen earth and broken stone. There cannot be much doubt about this subterranean cavern being the ancient quarry from which stones were hewn for the Temple of Solomon. The ground is covered with small pieces chipped off by the mason's tool; in some parts immense blocks are lying in the rough as when they had been first separated from the rock long centuries ago, and traces of the mas-



INSIDE MOSQUE OF OMAR.

to leap over the enclosure. A few visitors have braved the curses and dire threatenings and run much risk to stand on this famous rock, associated with some of the greatest names and most important events in Jewish history. What soul could remain unmoved in such a place? Over that rough, rocky floor stood the first temple erected on earth for the worship of Jehovah. On it stood, in all probability, the Ark of the Covenant, and,

sive chisel and wedge are clearly visible on the rock itself and on many of the massive stones scattered on the ground. The roof is supported by huge piers of the native rock left standing at intervals. The stone is almost white and quite soft, but hardens when exposed to the air. In this very quarry, whose existence has been discovered recently, stone was fitted to stone and wrought with all the skill of those times, and the walls of the

first temple were reared so that there was neither hammer nor axe, nor any tool of iron heard in the house while it was in building (1st Kings 6:7). We felt oppressed in that vast, silent quarry and in imagination peopled it with busy workmen, whose voices and hammer strokes once echoed through this gloomy place. The quarry is now still as a vast tomb; the cunning hands that hewed there are reduced centuries ago to dust; and the great temple whose glory filled the people and king with joy has been razed, so that its foundations are scarcely to be found. We were reminded of the national pride of Christ's disciples as the great white stones reflected the sunlight and the temple stood in all its splendor. "Master, see what manner of stones and what buildings are here." Jesus answering said, "There shall not be left one stone upon another that shall not be thrown down."

The Fellow Who Can Whistle

The fellow who can whistle when the world is going wrong
Is the fellow who will make the most of life;
No matter what may happen, you will find him brave and strong—
He's the fellow who will conquer in the strife.

The fellow who can whistle when the world seems to frown
Is the kind of man to stand the battle's brunt;
He's got the proper metal and you can not keep him down,
For he's just the sort that's needed at the front.

The fellow who can whistle is the fellow who can work,
With a note of cheer to vanquish plodding care;
His soul is filled with music, and no evil shadows lurk
In his active brain to foster grim despair.

The fellow who can whistle is the "trump" card of the deck,
Or the "whip-hand," in the parlance of the street;
No petty cares or trifles can his buoyant spirit check,
For a sunny heart can never know defeat.

The fellow who can whistle—he is built on nature's plan,
And he cheers his toiling fellow-men along;
There is no room for pessimists, but give to us the man
Who can whistle when the world is going wrong.

—Lippincott's.

Lizard with Two Tails.

Some interesting and valuable additions have been made to the British Zoological Gardens. One is a lizard possessing two tails. As is well known, the lizard avoids capture by leaving its tail in the hands of its captor, the caudal appendage ultimately growing again. In this instance it became damaged by some means, but was not detached. A second extremity protruded from the wound, which healed, so that now the lizard possesses two tails. Another unique addition is the three-striped California tree boa. This is the first specimen of this reptile that has come into the hands of the Zoological Society, while the British Museum does not even possess an example of the species. The largest white wolf in captivity also arrived at the Gardens a few weeks ago. A small colony of the tree frogs of Cape Colony has been introduced, representing a variety of colors coinciding with the hues of the particular trees which they infest.

The canaries of Germany excel all other canaries as singers. One has been known to continue a single thrill for a minute and a quarter, with twenty changes of note in it.

Facts in Paragraph.

Japan, excluding Formosa, has a population of 40,000,000.

Ten-elevenths of the world's people are north of the equator.

Ninety-eight per cent of the 50,000 blind of Japan support themselves by practicing massage.

Through the "Soo" in 1903 passed 35,000,000 tons of freight, three times as much as was carried on the Suez Canal.

Owing to the clearness of the air conversation in the Arctic regions can be carried on by persons two miles apart.

A steel-like grass from the volcano slopes of Oran, Algeria, is so elastic that it can be used instead of springs in the manufacture of furniture.

In sleeping, the pillow should support the neck as well as the head.

A simple remedy for falling hair is a pint of bay rum and a large tablespoonful of fine table salt.

The Japanese have discovered a method of producing artificial pearls which no one can tell from the genuine article.

To prevent taking cold, warm baths should be taken just before retiring. If taken through the day, exercise for a few moments vigorously. Take the cold bath in the morning, as it is an invigorator for the entire day.

Heat will generally relieve pain quicker than anything else. The hot water bottle is the most convenient method wonderfully beneficial.

this is not obtainable fill a flannel bag with common salt and heat in the oven until very hot. It will retain the heat for hours.

To retain a fresh skin and the appearance of youth, never go to sleep until all lines and wrinkles have been carefully gone over with cold cream, working across the lines. Lines and wrinkles left in the face over night are that much deeper and more permanent by morning.

The quickest way to whiten the hands is to sleep in loose gloves lined with almond paste. To make the paste stir into a half cup of almond meal enough powdered oatmeal to make a moderately stiff paste. Soak the hands in warm suds until all dirt is removed and rub a little of the almond oil into the hands before putting on the gloves. A week of such treatment will show a wonderful improvement.

Feet that are sore and tender should be bathed nightly in warm water, to which has been added a little common baking soda. Dry and rub with camphorated vaseline. See that the stockings are soft and perfectly clean. Have two pairs of shoes and do not wear the same pair twice in succession. Those who stand on their feet constantly will find this method wonderfully beneficial.

The hair should be ventilated and receive an air and sun bath at least once a week. With the average woman the hair is wound tightly around the crown and pinned down, excluding all air and smothering the roots of the hair. A good method to both ventilate and dry the hair after washing, is to place it over a small cane or wand, drawing the pole outward and tossing the hair gently.



PEARL INLAYERS, SWORD MAKERS, AND WOOD TURNERS OF DAMASCUS.

Whistle When You Can.

One of our exchanges says that almost invariably the man who can whistle in bright or depressing times, is an optimist. He who goes about his tasks with averted face or glum expression, lips tight sealed, and soul seething with real or fancied resentments, is an object for pity and truly fit for "treasons, stratagems and spoils."

Don't be led into the erroneous impression that whistling should be confined to rural lanes and grass-carpeted forests. There it is a natural, spontaneous, with a thousand inspiring influences and no untoward restraint. Import it into the busy town and cities where the wheels whirl busily and the office clock ticks its monotonous measuring of the day's task. Let it lighten the tedious round of your labor and abandon into the day's work. Remember the words of the old song which stanchly aver, "whistle and hoe, and put some of the elements of joy whistle and hoe, shorten the rows of the corn, you know."

We greatly fear, however, that the habit of whistling is one regulated by temperaments, and doubt if it can be acquired to any extent. Still, we have seen it prove infectious, and a single, blithely whistling man set all of his silent comrades diligently to imitating his method of infusing variety into toil. This much is undoubtedly true; joy or sorrow are almost equally communicable and if you, the man who believes in whistling when he is woeful or joyous, will take the pains to indulge your propensity when you see those around you in need of encouragement, you will have set in that one day of your life the pearl of a good action.

Let us hope that in these days of feverish impetuous money-making, this good, old primeval art of whistling will not suffer the decadence into which it seems to be falling.

No man, says Ruskin, ever lived a right life who had not been chastened by a woman's love, strengthened by her courage and guided by her discretion.

What's the Use.

What's the use of all the kickin' at the way the world is run?
There are some things some folks reckon might be somewhat better done,
But in spite of them, I rather think we might as well admit
That it's very doubtful whether growlin' helps along a bit.

This life is like a river that goes rollin' swift and strong;
You can dam it, but you'll never stop the water very long;
It'll keep on findin' places for to break through to the sea,
And you can't by makin' faces shut off woes, it seems to me.

Life is like a river goin' to an end it's sure to reach,
And you can't head off its flowin', though you whine or though you preach—
But you can pitch in and turn it so it often helps a lot;
Let's give up the kickin', and let us pitch in with what we've got.

—S. E. Kiser.



T. J. NOBLE AND WIFE.

Mr. Noble was for a number of years a very successful farmer in the Carman district. Some few years back he moved into Carman and at once identified himself with that town's interests. He was elected mayor, but recently resigned that office to move to Winnipeg. He is now one of the "landed proprietors" of the West.

Results of Indolent Reading.

Specific suggestions as to what one should read are of importance, but I believe of quite as great importance is some advice on how one should read. It is pleasant to drift about in a boat with oars gently lapping the water now and then as one feels lazily inclined to pull them; it is quite another thing to sit in an eight-oared shell, under the eye of an expert trainer, and pull over a four-mile stretch, making every stroke and every pound of weight count for its utmost. The indolent attitude of mind with which many people read headlines or turn pages bears a good deal the same relation to attentive reading that idle drifting in a rowboat bears to the hard exercise and full physical development that comes with good work in a good crew. About the best one can say of time spent in indolent reading, leaving as it does but the haziest of mental impressions, is that the reader has been saved from spending his time in worse than idleness.

I believe that how to read is really more important than what to read, because good method in reading makes good selection inevitable. Loose writing, inaccuracy of statement, untruthful delineation of character, will none of them stand before the careful analytical reader. If he is reading with right method he will waste little time in poor selections.

If you are in doubt as to whether you are getting the most out of your reading ask yourself how much you remember of the last thing you read. If it was a novel do you clearly recollect the names of all the important characters. One of the best attainments of a business man is a clean-cut memory for the names and characteristics of the men with whom he comes in contact.—Success.

A Model Husband.

A very active old gentleman in the city of Topeka, Kansas, is noted in his neighborhood for his industry in keeping his yard in fine condition. He works hard all day in the city, but when he returns from work he is always active in helping with the work at home. He is especially good to his wife, and he helps her much in her household labors. She appreciates his help, too, for the work is done so willingly.

Not long ago the old gentleman was helping at his house. He was doing more than two hired people would do. A neighbor happened by and saw him bustling about the kitchen. The neighbor remarked that he was a model husband. To this the man replied: "Well, I want to be just as kind to my wife as I can. When I get to heaven I am going to hunt up my first wife and beg her pardon for not helping her more."

In Spain the daily wage of a field laborer ranges from 20 to 28 cents without board.

Never clip or trim the eyebrows or eyelashes. It will make them coarse and stubby.

The Taj Mahal.

Traveller's Gazette says: The most beautiful and perfectly proportioned building in the whole world is usually considered to be the Taj Mahal, at Agra. It was built by Shah Jahan to hold the tomb of his wife, Arjamand Banu, in the seventeenth century of our era. The material is pure white marble, and it stands in a great garden of orange and lemon trees, palms, pomegranates, flowering trees and shrubs, marble ponds and fountains, at the end of a long avenue of cypress trees. The garden is enclosed by a wall, and from the midst of this foliage rises the white dome of the Taj, 220 feet high, and around it four tall, slender minarets. On either hand of the great marble pile, across a wide marble court, stand richly decorated redstone mosques, themselves of great beauty. Within the Taj the marble tombs of the great King and his beloved consort lie side by side, inlaid with precious stones, and lighted by marble trellis-work screens of exquisite workmanship. The lace-like carvings in marble, the marvellous beauty of the inlaid work and all the marvellous details of the decorations have never been equalled or approached. The Taj is the most superb mausoleum, the most majestic memorial edifice, ever erected. The exquisite minute care with which every detail is completed, and the vast extent of the graceful carvings and lapidary-like inlaid work on columns, panels and screens, is astonishing. One easily realizes the entire probability of the story that its building occupied twenty thousand workmen for twenty-two years. Like many another masterpiece of Oriental skill, it is the product of the enforced labor of thousands of workmen, and cost the lives of hundreds.

A French traveller in India, Andre Chevrillon, has left an excellent description of the peerless Taj, which is well worthy of reproduction, and which conveys vividly the impression produced by this crowning marvel of India:

In the very centre of a marvellous garden, reflected in all its whiteness in a canal of dark waters which lies motionless; with clumps of black cypresses and great mounds of crimson

flowers on its banks, the perfect structure rises like a vision. It is a floating dream, an aerial thing without weight, so accurate is the balance of the lines and so faint the shadows of the virginal, translucent stone. These black cypresses which frame it; these masses of verdure, through which here and there the blue sky is seen; this turf in the strong sunlight, with the sharp, black shadows of the trees falling across it—all these solid things render more unreal the white vision which seems ready to vanish into the light of the sky. * * * Inside, at first, all

ing unto death, isolated from all the world by the mysterious marble lace which enwraps them and seems to float around them like a dream.

The Farmer's View.

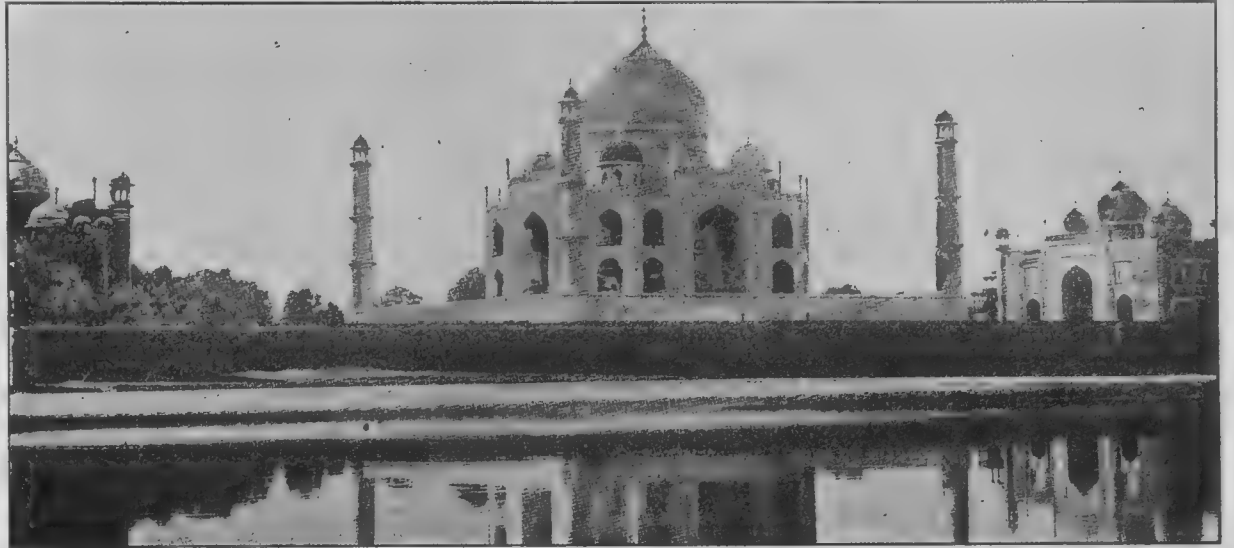
O, yes, I love the gentle spring,
That doth green grass and poets bring,
When nature is rejuvenated,
And all mankind is animated
With a desire to be up and doing.
And while the birds their mates are wooing,
The farmer needs must get a-plowing

And when there's nothing else to tend
She has the good man's clothes to mend

To make them last till work is o'er;
(When that time comes he'll need no more.)

When Shadows are Drifting Low.

When shadows are drifting low,
Drifting low, weary one!
And clouds are veiling the heights,
And obscured in gloom the sun,
And blacker than death the nights,



THE TAJ MAHAL.

is darkness, a profound night, with the faint gleaming of a grating of ancient marble, a mysterious lacework around the tombs, extending on and on, with a sepulchral glimmer, a yellowish lustre, as if the light itself were ancient and had been absorbed centuries ago. And the interlacing lines and curves of pallid marble continue, until they vanish into the darkness.

In the centre are the tombs of the lovers, two small sarcophagi, on which rests a faint light from some unknown source. This is all. There they lie in the silence, surrounded by those perfect things which celebrate their love last-

His fields, and corn and oats be sowing.

He has no time to idly squander
Amid the hills and dales to wander;
To sleep or rest in Nature's lap,
But leaves that for the city chap
Who boards with him the summer through.

And seems to think there's naught to do

For farmer's wife but wait on him,
And keep herself so neat and trim.
But there we know is his mistake;
She has to scrub and wash and bake,
From sunrise till the close of day,
There's something to be done away.

Let joyfully and well the race be run,
When shadows are drifting low!

When shadows are drifting low,
My weary one, drifting a'down the skies,

And thy heart is torn in twain,
Bravely sing and lift up thy eyes,
And dwell not on the loss and pain,
But think of the sweet and glad sunrise.

When shadows are drifting low.
Belie S. Whaley.

London bridge is crossed every day
by 220,000 people.

About a Horse Nail.

"A little neglect may breed great mischief; for want of a Nail the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe the rider was lost—being overtaken and slain by the enemy—all for want of care about a Horse Shoe Nail."

—Benjamin Franklin, 1758.

Just a few words about ourselves and the "C" brand horse nails.

This Company was established in 1865, and have therefore been manufacturing horseshoe nails for nearly 39 years.

We make nothing else but horse nails, and are the largest producers of this article in Canada. We believe nearly equal to all others combined.

Our horse nails are of one quality only—the best that our long experience can produce. We use exclusively a special quality of material, made for our purpose in Sweden, which is the best known or used by any maker of horse nails in the world.

Starting with the best material, we use the old and well-tried hot-dipped process, by which our

nails are thoroughly forged from the nail rods at a red heat, and finished and pointed by a process used only by us in Canada.

Every nail is hand sorted and examined, to prevent an imperfect nail from entering a box bearing our "C" brand.

Every box is warranted perfect and ready for immediate use.

They are of the best designs, will drive easiest, and stand more hard usage than any other horse nail made or sold in Canada.

We solicit your kind preference for the "C" brand nails when having your horse shod.

We shall be glad to furnish free samples of our various patterns to farriers or dealers.

Canada Horse Nail Company

MONTREAL.

British Columbia.

By C. W. GUEST.

British Columbia is that important area of our Dominion at its south-western corner, and adjoins directly to the north of the United States territory on the Pacific seaboard. It covers an area of about 380,000 square miles, and is therefore larger than

portion of the Dominion is mining, and it is of different kinds, principally gold, copper, coal, iron and silver. Some of the chief and most widely known mines are the Le Roi, the Centre Star, the War Eagle, the Britannia, and the large coal mines be-



KAMLOOPS, B.C., A RANCHING CENTRE.

the important provinces of either Ontario, Quebec, Manitoba or Alberta.

It is a country of wonderfully diverse and interesting natural resources, and its grandeur and beauty are unsurpassed by anything else in the world.

It contains eight political divisions known as Kootenay, Yale, Lillooet, Westminster, Cariboo, Cassiar, Comox and Vancouver Island.

The climate of the province is extremely varied, but in no part are the extremes of heat or cold very great, although misconceptions outside of the country tend to the impression that such is the case. Owing to the varying mountain ranges, alternate moist and dry belts prevail, making the province desirable even to the most fastidious.

One of the chief industries of this

longing to the Dunsmuirs, situate on Vancouver Island.

Mineral is to be found all over the province, and there can be no doubt but that a very small portion of what is in the earth has yet been discovered. The production of mineral for the year 1902 for British Columbia was \$17,036,550 for Yukon \$14,500,000, and for all other provinces of Canada \$20,186,691—which figures show the importance of this territory as a mining country.

As a fishing centre the province is one of great importance, and the numerous canneries on the coast send their products all over the world. The actual season only lasts about two months each year, and only one year in four is what is known as the "big run," when the salmon entering the rivers are to be caught in great numbers. The total pack of 1902 was

627,162 cases of salmon for the whole province, and in the previous year, which was a large year, the number of persons engaged on fishing boats and vessels alone exceeded 20,000, and at the present time there is over \$3,000,000 capital invested.

The forest wealth of British Columbia is very considerable, and all the industries connected with the cutting and preparing of the various kinds of lumber are very important. All over the province are here and there saw mills or shingle mills actively engaged manufacturing lumber from the logs that have been procured from the vast forests.

The most valuable timber is situated in the coast area, and consists chiefly of Douglas fir and red cedar. Some of these timber limits are extremely dense and as high as 500,000 feet of lumber have been taken from one acre. A feature that has acted most strongly on the lumber industry of British Columbia has been the filling up of the Northwest Territories with new settlers, and the consequent increasing demand for the manufactured article.

There is bright future for the agricultural industry of the country because the increase in population and



SCENE ON NICOLA RIVER, B.C.

tivation of the soil the most important questions are draining in the coast and moist regions, and irrigation in the districts of the dry belt.



OLD HUDSON BAY FORT, NANAIMO, B.C.

the development of the other natural resources must necessarily increase the demand for all farm products. Fruit raising and dairying are branches that present excellent openings for practical men, and some smaller lines, such as bee culture, offer good prospects. For the cul-

The most important river of British Columbia is the Fraser, running for a distance of about 740 miles, and on either side of this watercourse for a number of miles near its mouth are some of the richest lands of the province, principally delta.

Atlin Lake is the largest of the British Columbia lakes, being more than 211,000 acres in extent, and in importance probably the Kootenay Lake comes first, with an area of about 141,120 acres.

The principal towns of the province are Victoria, on Vancouver Island, and the seat of government; Vancouver, the terminus of the C. P. R.; New Westminster, Nanaimo, Nelson and Rossland in the Kootenay; Kamloops, Grand Forks and Vernon.

The total population in 1901 for the whole province was 178,657, consisting of 20,000 Orientals, 25,500 native Indians, and the rest whites of various nationalities.

The large Oriental population has for years been a stirring question for the politicians of British Columbia, for these people are seriously to be reckoned with as a menace to the white settler in the labor market. At the present time a tax of \$500 per capita is levied on all Chinese entering the country which has proven a very effective check on the previous flood of immigrants of this race, and the Japanese war is serving as some restriction on natives of that country leaving their own shores.

The native Indians, or Siwash, are interesting links that carry us back to a time before we came into these places. While they may not perhaps be so picturesque as the Indians of the plains they are probably more useful. They dwell on their own reserves allotted to them by the government, although, of course, they are



GENERAL VIEW OF ROSSLAND, B.C., SHOWING THE LE ROI MINE.

daily frequenters of the haunts of the white people.

As a sporting country this western province is an ideal one for it abounds in game and fish of all kinds, which can be got at easily and far more cheaply than the outside sportsman generally believes.

The means of communication

school system has been in operation since 1872.

Also the spiritual welfare of the community has been well looked after, and every hamlet has at least one church.

Considering all things, British Columbia is a wonderful country for its age. It has big mountains, big trees,

any rate, it is a country to foster nerve and pluck, yet withal patience, and it offers attractions unsurpassed for men of spirit in almost all walks of life.

Just Help Himself: He—"If I tried to kiss you would you call for help?" She—"Would you need it?"—Smart Set.



NELSON, B.C., FROM THE HALL MINE SMELTER.

through the province are first-class, and consist principally of the C. P. R. and its branch lines, and in the near future other extensions and lines of railways are bound to be laid.

In educational matters the country is entirely up to date, and its free

big mines, and altogether big resources, which only await capital and energy to develop them. The premier of the province (who by the way is a native son) is only a young man, and it seems that the country is peculiarly a young man's country. At



CUTTING DOWN A BIG TREE IN B.C.

Free Silver With Cereal.

"It's a good foundation for a day's operations," says N. E. Perry, of 28 Mance St., Montreal. He was writing of Orange Meat, a cereal which combines the best elements of wheat with a most palatable Canadian product. The makers also offer, free of charge, a good foundation for a handsome silver table service. A coupon is enclosed in each 15c. package. Your grocer will show you one which describes the premiums. By taking advantage of the opportunity thus afforded you may secure various valuable table articles, such as handsome tea or dessert spoons of heavy silver plate, a sugar shell, or a new-design butter knife.

"'Spacially Jim."

I was mighty good-lookin' when I was young,
Pearl and black-eyed an' slim,
With fellers a-courtin' me Sunday nights,
'Spacially Jim.

The likeliest one of 'em all was he,
Chipper an' han'som' an' trim;
But I tossed up my head an' made fun o' the crowd,
'Spacially Jim.

I got so tired o' havin' 'em roun' ('Spacially Jim!)
I made up my mind I'd settle down
An' take up with him.

So we was married one Sunday in church,
'Twas crowded full to the brim;
'Twas the only way to get rid o' 'em all,
'Spacially Jim.

—Bessie Morgan.

In nearly every street in Japanese cities is a public oven where, for a small fee, housewives may have their dinners and suppers cooked for them.

Farm laborers in Mexico may be employed at from 18 to 20 cents a day, though in many parts of the country they are scarce and unreliable.

HAVE YOU ANY SPARE TIME.

Why not use it to study Book-keeping, Shorthand, Commercial Law, Household Science or English.

The study of any of these will increase your usefulness and chances of success.

WE TEACH THEM BY MAIL.

You can learn **AT HOME** in your spare time.

The expense is very small.

Write for our free booklet mentioning the subject you are interested in.

Canadian Correspondence College

LIMITED

Walter James Brown, L.L. B. Principal,
Toronto, Canada.

Why Do Not Men Go to Church.

The question has been recently exploited by two of the New York dailies. Censuses of church attendance taken last year in London and in New York showed that in both cities women and children form a great majority of the congregations—a state of affairs, remarks the Sun, that prevails in practically all the countries of Christianity, with the notable exception of Russia. The same paper does not think the situation explained by the suggestion of certain preachers that "the criticism of sermons has become so severe among men that only very rare abilities in the pulpit can hope to satisfy it." It offers instead a more sweeping explanation to the effect that men don't go to church simply because they are not interested in religion, as it goes to quote further:

"The reason why men do not go to church is obvious enough. They are not interested in the church because they are not interested in religion. They have not the deep and vital religious faith of which church worship is the outward expression. They may think they believe, but actually they do not believe in the religion they profess. They are not convinced that their fate for all eternity depends on faith in its dogmas and obedience to its obligations."

The Washington Post comments



WINTER WOOD CUTTING IN B.C.

that the Sun's editorial represents one view of the matter, but that, on the other hand, a great many men do go to some church: "They are attracted in crowds by those preachers who do not weary them with expositions of their purely personal views as to abstract and uninteresting questions of theology, but preach instead the message from the Mount of Olives, which all can understand and to which every heart responds with gratitude and reverence."

In South Africa the white ants have been found so destructive to wooden ties that steel has necessarily been adopted.

No less than 111 officers of the British army have qualified as interpreters in the Russian language, 83 of whom belong to the Indian service.

READ THIS—but

UNDERSTAND AT ONCE THAT OUR

GENUINE PENNYROYAL WAFERS

are not for men, but women have for 20 years found them the best monthly regulator procurable, allaying "pains," correcting omission and irregularity. They are, in a word, reliable and healthful; \$1.00 per box, mailed anywhere; sold everywhere; 36 in box; yellow label; English-French printed.

Eureka Chemical Co., Detroit, Mich.

Canada's Northern Territory.

Canada's sovereignty over the waters of Hudson's Bay has been asserted by the Dominion Government in no uncertain language. The question came up the other day in the House in connection with an item of \$200,000 for the purchase, equipment and maintenance of vessels to be employed in patrolling the waters in the northern portion of Canada; also for establishing and maintaining police and customs ports at such points on the mainland or islands as may be deemed necessary from time to time. Last year, it will be remembered, an expedition was sent out to explore and patrol these northern waters. The instructions given to Capt. A. P. Low, who was in charge of the "Neptune," the vessel chartered to undertake this work, were to explore as far as he could during the season the northern waters and establish a port somewhere on Hudson's Bay, no definite location being ordered. Then, as soon as the ice broke up in the spring, the expedition was to go north and explore Baffin Bay and Lancaster Strait, and then come back to Cape Chidley, at the entrance to Hudson's Straits. There the "Neptune" would meet another steamer with coal and provisions.

It is evident, from past experience, that no time should be lost in protecting Canadian interests in these northern waters. At the present time there are whalers and fishermen of different nations cruising in that locality, and unless we take active steps to assert that these lands belong to Canada, we may, perhaps, find ourselves in the face of serious complications. This is the real reason underlying Capt. Bernier's expedition on



Court House.



ROSSLAND, B.C., BUILDINGS.

Bank of Montreal.

Post Office.

the "Arctic," which is the vessel which has orders to relieve the "Neptune." She will patrol the Hudson's Bay waters, establish ports at suitable locations, and assert Canada's sovereignty in general.—Monetary Times.

To Reach Man's Heart.

O woman, if seeker
Your way to gain
O'er man, the weaker,
The means is plain:
Would you be able
Vain man to rule,

The dinner table
Let be your school!
You need no ballot
To win your part;
Just tickle his palate—
You touch his heart.

—○○○—

Anyone can find fault, but it is not everyone that can suggest another and better method than the one criticised.

—✱—

Russia sells more eggs in one year than any country in the world, her output being 150,000,000 dozen.

—✱—

Some men are always afraid they will do a trifle more work than their pay envelope calls for. But these men as a rule never have much salary to call for.

—✱—

A Parisian barber, to win a wager, entered a cage containing a lion and a man, and composedly shaved the man whilst the lion interestedly viewed the operation.



SOCKEYE SALMON FROM THE FRASER RIVER, B.C.

OWN A FARM in the MOOSE MOUNTAIN DISTRICT

IT IS AN ADVANTAGE to be located near Arcola, because anyone who is interested in Canadian Farm Lands knows:

That it is situated in the centre of a great wheat belt; That the district has a reputation for great fertility; That in 1901 the average yield per acre was 24.39 bushels; That in 1902 the average yield per acre was 26.60 bushels; That this season already over 650,000 bushels have been marketed; That it has a new, up-to-date flour mill of 150 bbl. capacity; That the town has a population of over 600; That it has a Dominion Government Office and Chartered Bank; That it has 6 standard elevators and a warehouse with a capacity of 200,000 bushels; That the district has numerous post offices and schools established in the country; That it has an unlimited supply of free fuel and building timber in the mountains; That it has thousands of tons of hay in the mountains; That the wheat rate is only 1/2-cent higher than in Manitoba; That railway facilities are equal to those of any part of Manitoba; That good water can be obtained at from 12 to 25 ft. in any portion of district.

We have still 400,000 acres to sell in this district and along the new extension from Arcola to Regina at from \$10 to \$15 per acre. This land is as good as any in the Canadian West for the growing of No. 1 hard wheat. We have also 23,000 acres of **Ranch and Mixed Farm Land** in the Moose Mountains at from \$5 to \$8 per acre on easy terms. All this land is only about half the price of Manitoba lands, and yet Government statistics show a twelve per cent. increase in yield. Our taxes are lighter than in any portion of Manitoba. These facts speak both to the poor and prosperous farmer. Buy for investment or for a home, and you cannot fail to realize in the Arcola District.

Write now for a new map of the District, and information and terms of purchase. Send for the addresses of a few of our Farmers.

Real Estate Agents

THE COOK BROTHERS

ARCOLA, N.W.T.

The town of Arcola is situated 250 miles west of the city of Winnipeg, 110 miles S.E. of the city of Regina and 44 miles north of the American boundary line in the valley of the Moose Mountains.

Puzzle Column

For Boys and Girls,

Publisher's Note.—We will send The Western Home Monthly for one year to the person sending us one original puzzle eligible for publication, or any subscriber who sends the best solution to the puzzles in this number of The Monthly. Answers will appear in the September issue.

Puzzle.

1. Why is a man taking The Western Home Monthly like a man who takes strong drink?
2. Why is a chicken like a farmer?
3. Two old women meet, each having a small basket of eggs. One woman said to the other, give me one of your eggs and I'll have as many as you. The other said, No, you give me one of yours and I'll have twice as many as you. How many did each of them have?
4. My first is in water, but not in snow,
My second is in horse, but not in cow,
My third is in eight, but not in nine,
My fourth is in apple, but not in orange.
My fifth is in true, but not in false.
My whole is something Manitoba is noted for.
5. I am just two and two;
I am warm, but not cold;

- As fair as the flowers of morn.
The very first hour of her life
She became a man's wife,
And she died before she was born.
7. Why is the letter S like lightning?
 8. Blind man saw a hare;
Dumb man cried where;
Man without legs ran and caught it,
Man without clothes put it in his pocket.
 9. What is that which goes from Montreal to Quebec without ever moving?
 10. Spell green grass, cut and dried, in three letters.
 11. Why is a schoolmaster like an engine driver?
 12. When are two apples alike?
 13. Why does a dog resemble embroidery silks?
 14. I'm a word of two letters; behead me twice and I'm ten.
 15. Buried names of girls—
 1. Cannot you make them match?
 2. I am sure that dog is mad, Gertie.
 3. You do rake hay nicely, Jessie.
 4. Have you spoken to mamma yet?
 5. I shall win if Redmond does not race.
 6. Do you see this deep rut here?

Answers to July Puzzles.

1. A cat.
2. A woodpecker.
3. A black kettle on a negro's head



INTERIOR OF B. C. SALMON CANNERY, SHOWING SALMON CANS.

9. An icicle.
10. Both ends seem to go at once.
11. When she hooks her dress.
12. The lover's grove—



13. 2.

Bottle and Toothpick Experiment.

Place an ordinary wide-mouthed bottle upon the table. Take a common wooden toothpick and break it in the middle; bring the ends almost together, as shown in the illustration. Place the bent or broken toothpick across the mouth of the bottle and lay a coin upon it. The coin should be small enough to fall into the bottle. were it not supported by the bent toothpick. Now ask your friends to drop the coin into the bottle without touching either coin, bottle or toothpick, and they will puzzle their brains not a little for a means to gain the end. It is another instance of natural cause and effect. The bent and partly broken fibre of the wood, where the toothpick has been broken, will expand under moisture. Take another toothpick and drop a single drop of water from it upon the broken place. The expansion of the wood will cause the toothpick to gradually straighten out to its original shape, and, of course, as soon as the projecting ends draw from under the coin it falls into the bottle.



LEGISLATIVE BUILDINGS, VICTORIA, B. C.

- I am parent of numbers which cannot be told;
A duty, a fault;
I am often sold dear, good for nothing when bought;
An extraordinary boom;
A matter of course;
And yielded without pleasure
When taken by force.
6. In a garden there strayed
A most beautiful maid;

- and the negro riding a brown horse.
4. Gladstone.
 5. When it is done with the pen.
 6. A book.
 7. A pig, because he is killed and then cured.
 8. 17 24 1 • 8 15
23 5 7 14 16
4 6 13 20 22
10 12 19 21 3
11 18 25 2 9

Prize Winners.

Stanley Catherwood, Weyburn, Assa.
Mildred M. Still, Calgary, Alta.
George N. Allbright, Shellmouth, Man.
B. Snow, Birtle, Man.

Conundrums.

Where can you always find sympathy? In the dictionary.
If you had a strong desire to leave some property to the man in the moon, how would you go about it? With a will.



Papoose.



"The Boss"



The Squaw.

TYPES OF INDIANS IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

ANOTHER VOICE ON THE PRAIRIES

Tells of Diabetes Cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

W. G. Bartleman could get no Relief till He Tried the Great Canadian Kidney Remedy.

Wapella, Assa., N.W.T., Aug. 10—(Special).—This thriving town furnishes one of the most remarkable cures of Kidney Disease that has ever been reported on the prairies. Mr. Wm. G. Bartleman, a well-known farmer, is the man cured, and he makes the following statement:
"I had Kidney Trouble and it developed into Diabetes. I went to the doctor, but his treatment was of no use whatever to me. I began to take Dodd's Kidney Pills in December, 1902. I took them all winter and summer while I was unable to work my farm. I took twelve boxes in all and in August I was able to work.
"Now I am quite strong. I worked all winter without pains in my back or any part of my body. Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me."
If the Kidney Disease is of long standing it may take time to cure it. But Dodd's Kidney Pills will do it.

Winnipeg C. P. R. Station and Hotel.

From the Railway and Shipping World we glean some facts regarding the new station and hotel which the C.P.R. has under construction at Winnipeg. The premises, when completed, will give the company ample and well-arranged accommodation for its own purposes as well as for the convenience of the public. On this page are given illustrations of the Fonseca Ave. elevation of the hotel and of the station. The connecting building, about 300 feet long, three stories high and 50 feet deep from the front to the

rear. Ample lavatory accommodation is provided on each floor, adjoining the stairway and elevator, for employees. The offices on the first floor can be approached either from the station building or from an entrance from the courtyard, whilst those on the third floor can only be reached from the general stairway. There is a passage 9 feet wide running the whole length of the building, and the offices, 19 feet from front to rear, are on either side. The offices in front have windows overlooking the courtyard and Fonseca Ave. while those in the rear overlook the tracks.

The first floor of the hotel building

A Vegetable Butter.

Our delicious table butter made supposedly from the cream obtained from cow's or goat's milk, besides having a dangerous competitor in oleomargarine, is menaced anew by a substitute no less formidable in character: this is an exotic product—the butter, in fact, extracted from the meat of the cocoanut. This must not be confounded with cacao butter, which, though sounding similar to cocoa butter, is nevertheless prepared from an entirely different nut and used for quite other purposes.

The cocoanut tree, that most providential growth of the tropics, pro-

ployed in the preparation of textiles.

Under the name "copra" the meat of this cocoanut comes to our shores and is here employed in the manufacture of this industrial oil, the residuum, in the form of a press cake, being fed to cattle to fatten them. According to a French publication, it is in France that this cocoanut oil is subjected to special treatment, from which it emerges to become the formidable rival above indicated of our cherished butter made from cow's milk.

A German chemist of prominence, Dr. Heuner, proposes to buy up all the cocoanut oils and transform them into a succulent, savory, inodorous product which is soluble in ether and possesses no acid reaction; to this product he announces his intention of giving the name "vegetable butter."

Of all the vegetable oils, that extracted from the cocoanut is the one of which the composition approaches more nearly to the butter made of milk.

Like true butter, it contains 7 per cent. of soluble acids, which are not found in such considerable proportion in any other fat. These are butyric acid, capric or decylic acid, which give to our table butter its pleasant aroma and a very pronounced taste of the hazelnut.

Moreover, cocoa butter contains from 25 to 30 times less water than true butter. It will keep 15 or 20 days without showing any acid reaction, and from this fact seems to offer a real superiority over animal butter for use in the preparations of dry pastry, biscuits, and such like.

The process advocated by Dr. Heuner for the treatment of cocoanut oils and from them thereby to obtain a butter in every way adapted for food is that which Dr. Schlink has already put into practice. It consists simply in relieving these oils of their fatty, volatile, and odorous acids, as well as of their other aromatic principles, by means of alcohol and boneblack. After this treatment the product obtained has the appearance of a whitish mass of the consistency of ordinary butter, possessing a sweet savor; it melts at 25 deg. C. and shows the following component parts:

Fatty matter...	99.632 per cent.
Mineral matter...	0.011 per cent.
Water	0.357 per cent.

The price of cocoa butter, we are informed, is about 1 franc 60 centimes a kilogramme, something over two pounds, and is much lower than that of butter made from cream; moreover, since it contains little or no water, less of it would be required by weight, and because of its slowness of oxidizing, confectioners and bakers would find it to their advantage to use it for cakes, pies, and other things in their lines, because they would not get stale and unmarketable so quickly.

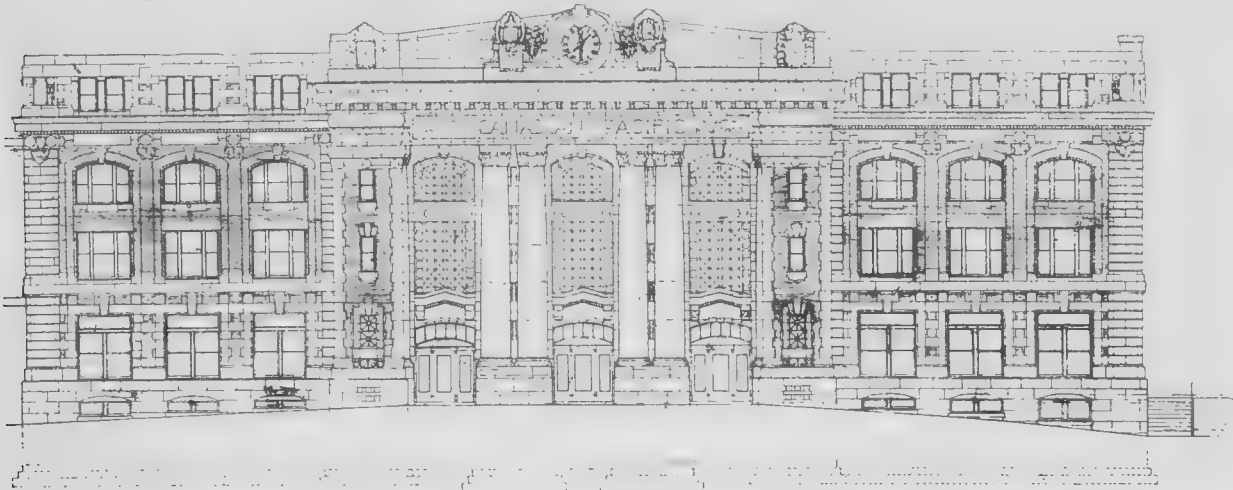
From the standpoint of hygiene it may be well to remember that butter from milk occupies the first rank among substances which are most favorable to the culture of microbes and of the worst ferments, while the cocoa butter, on the contrary, seems to be an antiseptic medium very improperly qualified for the dissemination and propagation of bacteria. In this respect, comparative experiments made upon both of these substances have given results which do not admit of doubt as to which is the better antiseptic.

Finally, experiments upon the artificial digestion of this form of butter, carried out in the central hospital of Vienna, have given equally gratifying results and been confirmed later by other experiments in the different hospitals of Switzerland.—Translated from Science, Art, Nature, in Scientific American.

We have only our little part to do, and that is never anything impossible. When we have done this we need not fret about what we cannot do.

Men and women never struggle so hard as when they struggle alone, without witness, counsel, or confident; unencouraged, unadvised and unpitied.

No matter how many wrong things you have done in the past, there is all the future before you, and in it you can balance the old score and make a new one.

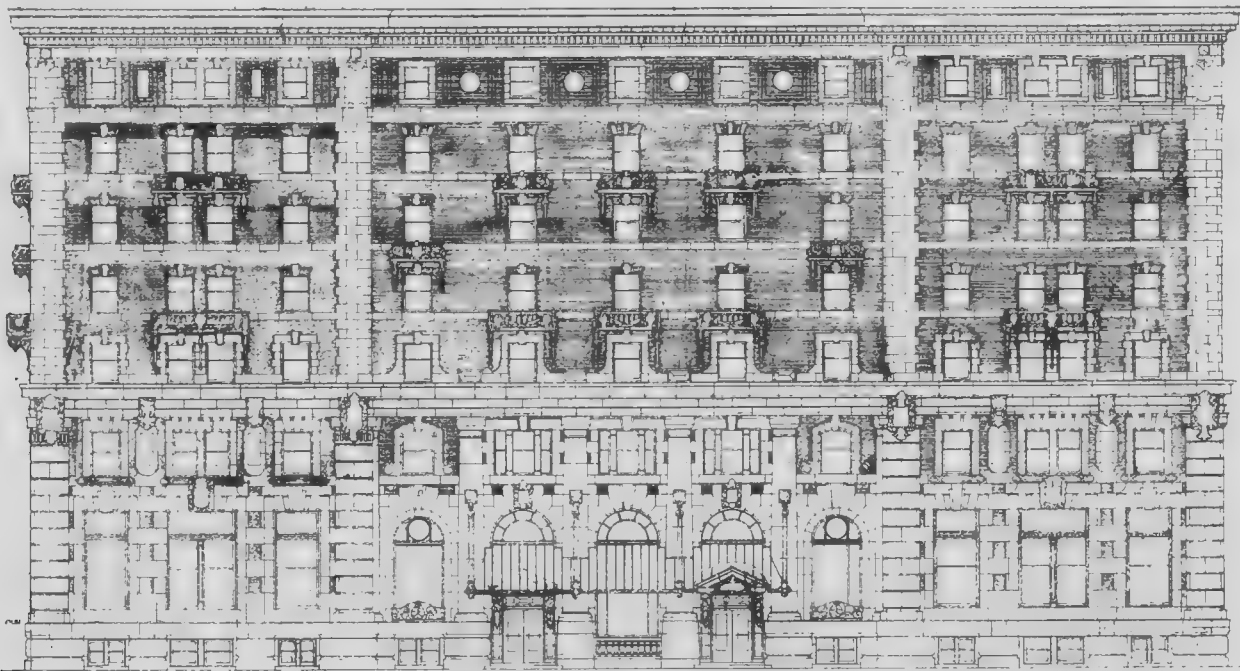


FONSECA AVENUE ELEVATION, C. P. R. STATION, WINNIPEG.

tracks on Point Douglas Ave. is a plain one, conforming generally in design to the others. The station will be fitted out in the very best of style for the accommodation of the traveling public, and the offices for the staff will be far in advance of what has been in use for some years. They will be found on the 1st and 2nd floors of the station building and of the building connecting it with the hotel. The approach to these offices is by a stairway and elevator from the vestibule, leading to a large hall and gallery overlooking the general waiting room. To the right, and occupying the whole of the Maple St. frontage the Land Department will be located, and on the

will have fronting on Fonseca Ave., drawing room and breakfast room with pantry in the rear, each 80 by 50 feet; and in the centre, over the main entrance a vice-regal suite. These rooms open off the main hall, and in the rear, and lighted from the well in the centre of the block, is the palm or tea room, 80 by 45 feet. On each side are arranged bedrooms, which overlook either the station yard, the well or Main St., and in the rear are 21 bedrooms for servants, with a large recreation room and lavatory and bathroom accommodation, together with a separate stairway. On the second floor there are 51 bedrooms, while on the upper floors there are larger num-

ber of bedrooms, without cultivation, a nut with which we are all familiar. Contained within its hair-covered and ovoid shell is a most delicious milk, a cooling draft which quenches the thirst of the way-worn and jaded traveller and refreshes the tired laborer. Science has made the important discovery, too, that its meat, of which there is always a generous supply, when dried and pressed furnishes a whitish substance which solidifies at 20 deg. C., but above this temperature runs into a yellow and translucent oil. The annual importations of cocoa-oils coming from India and Africa are considerable. The better grades are drawn from Cochin China, the island of Ceylon, from Australia,



FONSECA AVENUE ELEVATION, C. P. R. HOTEL, WINNIPEG.

opposite side of the building will be the office of the 2nd vice-president and his staff; on this side also is the passage leading from the vestibule to the offices in the connecting building, and a section of the despatching office. On the second floor to the right the passenger department is located with windows fronting on Maple St., while the Dominion Express Co., and the Travelling Auditor have rooms overlooking the glass roof over the general waiting room. The inside rooms on the opposite side of the building are allotted to the freight traffic manager and his staff, while the local freight agent and his staff have the outside ones, the tie inspector being in the

bers. An unusually large number of the bedrooms are provided with bathrooms, others have lavatories in addition, while others have lavatories only, and the rooms are arranged singly, or so that they can be converted into suites of two, three or four rooms to suit the convenience of parties. On each floor there is also provided general bathroom and lavatory accommodation, with linen closets, etc. Fire escapes are also provided.

The Korean government has ordered that all Koreans, without regard to rank or class, should not wear clothes except of a blue or dark color.

and from Karri-Kall, well down near the end of the Kara peninsula. These various commercial grades are obtained by pressing—first cold, then warm—the pulp extracted from the nut which has been previously divested of its shell.

This nut produces 60 per cent. of oil, and the cocoa nuts collected upon a hectare of land (a fraction over 2 acres) planted to these trees will yield an annual production of 800 kilogrammes of oil which readily oxidizes or becomes rancid recalling, by its taste, the fruit from which it is derived. Till now this oil has had no other industrial use than furnishing the fats for soap or oil for the lubrication of machinery, the better sorts being em-

Funnygrams

"Well, boys," said the schoolmaster, as he prepared to take his seat one mild March morning, "I suppose you are all prepared for the early spring?"

"Yes, sir," said the small boy, who was invariably blamed for everything, "but I want to tell you I didn't put it on your chair."

Then the schoolmaster discovered the bent pin and spring was postponed.

"You don't mean to say he has paid you in advance for the full course of singing lessons?" said the first vocal instructor.

"Yes," replied the other, gleefully, "because of a lucky misunderstanding. I said to him: 'You doubtless know our first lesson begins with "do." He immediately apologized and produced the dough."



TO MAKE A LONG TALE SHORT.

"You should think of the future."

"I can't. It's my wife's birthday and I am thinking of the present."

"Well, Robbie, you've got a new little sister; she just arrived this morning," said the proud father. "Do we get trading stamps with her, pop?" asked little Robbie.—Yonkers Statesman.

"In these days," said a lately deceased nobleman, on the occasion of a brilliant speech, "every clergyman is expected to have the intellect and wisdom of a Jeremy Taylor." A young pressman gravely published the following version of the sentence: "Every clergyman is nowadays expected to have the intellect and wisdom of a journeyman tailor!—Answers.

"What's this?" exclaimed the young husband, referring to a memorandum she had given him. "One dozen eggs, one pound of raisins, bottle of lemon extract, a tin of ground cinnamon and half a pound of sugar! What do you want with all these things, Belinda?" "I've got a stale loaf," replied the young wife, "that I'm going to save by working up into a bread pudding. I never let anything go to waste, Henry."—Tid-Bits

Woman (at the telephone)—"I want my husband, quick." Girl—"What number, please?" Why, the third, you impudent thing."

"Why does Amelia hate Cholly so?"

"Why, when she told him she could never learn to love him, he insisted that one was never too old to learn."—Puck.

"Henry Henpecker," observes his wife, as they sit at the happy breakfast table, "you were certainly in a sad condition when you came home last night."

"Well, my dear," stammers Henry, "how can you say such a thing? I remember distinctly that when I came in you asked me to wind the clock, put out the dog, and light the night-lamp."

"Yes; and this morning I found the night-lamp with all the wick wound up in the chimney, and Fido's tail perfectly bare where you had touched him with a match, and the clock lying on the back porch."—Judge.

Bobby (whispering)—"Didn't I hear Clara tell you, Mr. Featherly, that she was sorry, but she really couldn't give you a lock of her hair?" Featherly—"Hush, Bobby! Er, yes!" Bobby—"Well, you just wait a day or two, and I'll get some for you when she's out."

"I want to ask one more question," said little Frank, as he was being put to bed. "Well," acquiesced the tired woman. "When the holes come in stockings, what becomes of the piece of stocking that was there before the hole came?"

"Willie, said his mother, "I wish you would run across the street and see how old Mrs. Brown is this morning." A few minutes later Willie returned and reported "Mrs. Brown says it's none of your business how old she is." Detroit News.

He—I wonder why Miss Elderly never married?

She—Oh, I suppose she was born in the wrong time of the moon.

He—The wrong time of the moon?

She—Yes; when there wasn't any man in it.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"They say she married for money."

"That's where they're wrong. She thought she married for money, but she was mistaken." "Then what did she marry for?" She hasn't found out yet.—Chicago Post.

"Well, of course, I don't know how the young man will turn out. Marriage is a lottery."

"Yes, mamma, but a girl should hardly be expected to let her mother select her ticket!"—Pittsburg Dispatch.

"This is our latest novelty," said the manufacturer proudly. "Good work, isn't it?"

"Not bad," replied the visitor, "but you can't hold a candle to the goods we make." "Oh, you are in this line, too?"

"No; we make gunpowder."—Youth.

Mr. Millyuns—"Now, Tommy, you must go to school and work hard. Why, look at me! I started without a cent, and now I'm a millionaire." Tommy—"Yes, I know; but you can't do it any more. They all have cash registers now." Ex.

A gentleman found his little daughter crying bitterly because she had had a tumble. "Never mind, Wynnie," he said; "won't a chocolate make it better?"

"No," said the child between her sobs, "but two would do it."

A countryman sowing his ground, two smart fellows riding that way, one of them called to him with an insolent air, "Well, honest fellow," said he, "'tis your business to sow, but we reap the fruits of your labor." To which the countryman replied, "'Tis very like you may, for I am sowing hemp."

"Mamma, said the little girl, her eyes wide with excitement, "I do believe the minister told a story!"

"Why, the idea!" said her mother. "You don't know what you are saying."

"But, I do, mamma. I heard papa ask him how long he had worn chin whiskers, and he said he had worn them all his life."—Indianapolis Press.

"The life of a school teacher would be sorely monotonous," said a teacher of a boy's school, "if it were not for his sense of humor and the really funny things that happen every day in the schoolroom. One day, for instance, I had up a smart class in grammar and set them parsing. I called to Moses, a colored boy, to parse Arkansas, and he said: 'Arkansas' with emphasis on the second syllable. I corrected his pronunciation, and he went on: 'Hark-en-saw is a noun, objective case, third person, passive and nominative case to scissors.'"

"You haven't said what gender, Moses," I remarked.

"Feminine gender," quickly remarked the smart scholar.

"Why, sir?" I asked, somewhat puzzled.

"Becos it's got Miss Sourl on the noif, Louisa Anna on the souf, Mrs. Sippl on the east and ever so many more shemales on the west."

"It was so well done I joined in and encouraged the laugh which followed the smart boy's humor."



RAPID TRANSIT IN CHINA.

The Aunt—"Now, darling, don't be afraid of telling me what kind of a doll you would like."

Nelly—"Oh, auntie, I'd just love twins."—Brooklyn Life.

"I felt a d'op of rain," said a tiny urchin, as he trotted down the lane by his mother's side.

"Really? I did not," said she.

"How could you, when it came on my nose?" was the reply.

Mr. Spurgeon, the famous London preacher, being asked whether a man could be a Christian and belong to a brass band, replied, "Yes, I think he might; but it would be a very difficult matter for his next door neighbor to be a Christian."

Life.

There is nothing so sweet as life,
With its joys and sorrows and tears;
There is nothing so sure as death,
With its hopes, its gloom, its fears.

Say not that life is a burden—
Though burden it is if you will;
The God who gave us our being
Gave each one a mission to fill.

Be ever so lonely our birth
And ever so humble our place,
The prizes of life are for those
Who manfully enter life's race,

Who fight while the battle rages,
Who fight till the day is done;
Who toil by night and by day
Until the victory's won.

Not 'in the balance with lordlings
Are the deeds of the humble weighed,
Not in the court with the mighty
Are the weak in judgment arrayed.

The meek are the chosen of God,
The lowly and pure are His own,
The mite of a widow more precious
Than jewelled gifts from a throne.

—H. T. McPhillips.

There are two B's that don't travel
well in double harness—Boozing and
Business. Some men try to hitch them
up together, but invariably the outfit
meets with disaster.—Tengwall Talk.

The date of the first tea used in this country was some years before the reign of Queen Anne—namely in the year 1657, when tea began to be used as a national beverage, and when Garaway opened a tea house in Exchange Alley, the price then being from £10 to £25 (from \$25 to \$50). Pepys, writing on Sept. 28, 1660, says: "I did send for a cup of tea—a Chinese drink—of which I had never drank before." Two years later he wrote: "Home, and there find my wife making of tea, a drink which Mr. Pelling, the Pothicary, tells her is good for cold." In 1678 the East India Company imported 4,713 lbs.; in 1725, 370,323 lbs. were drank in England; in 1740 the prices ranged from 7s to 24s a lb.—Food and Cookery, London.

The Two Sides of It.

There was a girl who always said
Her fate was very hard;
From the one thing she wanted most
She always was debarred.
There always was a cloudy spot
Somewhere within her sky;
Nothing was ever quite just right,
She used to say, and sigh.

And yet her sister, strange to say,
Whose lot was quite the same,
Found something pleasant for herself
In every day that came.
Of course, things tangled up sometimes
For just a little while,
But nothing ever stayed all wrong,
She used to say, and smile.

So one girl sighed and one girl smiled.
Through all their lives together;
It didn't come from luck or fate,
From clear or cloudy weather—
The reason lay within their hearts,
And colored all outside;
One chose to hope and one to mope,
And so they smiled and sighed.
—Priscilla Leonard, in Magazine of Mysteries.



Jimmie (with intense disgust). "Say, Billy, how is it dat w'en we go fishin' on Saturday, wid our mudders' permission, we don't ketch even so much ez a 'shiner' ter take home wid us; but w'en we play hookey from school and dasn't take home wot we ketch, we ketch every fish in der whole pond?"

When a Man is Down.

When a man is down and in hard luck
And things are going wrong,
'Tis not advice he cares to hear—
He wants a different song.
He needs a friend with helping hand
To guide him in his walk—
Not one to load him with advice,
But one to help—not talk.

But when we're down and in hard luck,
'Tis then true friends are few;
There's plenty ready with advice,
But mighty few to do.
There's few to reach a helping hand
When help is what you need—
We've friends enough in theory,
But mighty few in deed.

—G. H. R. Townsend.

Stains may be taken off an enamelled bath if it is rubbed well with rough salt moistened with vinegar. This will also clean enamelled pots and pans, no matter how burnt or discolored they may be.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE OLD FOLKS.

Mr. Angus McMillan tells them Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets will cure their Stomach Troubles.

Of peculiar interest to the aged is the story of Mr. Angus McMillan, of Laggan P. O., Glengarry Co., Ont. Mr. McMillan is now over 82 years of age and looks hearty enough to reach the 100 mark. He attributes a large part of his splendid health to Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets. He says:

"I suffered from Dyspepsia for more than 20 years, but never met with anything to cure me till I commenced taking Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets. After using them for two days all the pain and restlessness left me."

"I am in one sense a new man, and have great reason to be thankful for all the good Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets have done me."

Stomach troubles are one of the burdens the old folks have to bear. It is good news for them that there is a speedy and effectual cure for them in Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets.

The Victoria Memorial.

On this page we give front and rear reproductions of the statue of Her late Majesty Queen Victoria by George Frampton, B.A., now in transit from Montreal to Winnipeg, and which will be erected on a handsome base in front of the Manitoba parliament buildings. We understand it is a pretty correct view. Since the receipt of the pictures from which the two cuts were made, there has been some slight changes made, but the general appearance will

It takes a bright man to be a shining example.

A foolish man's wisdom is less instructive than a wise man's folly.

The bubble of fame is a pretty thing, but at the height of its inflation it is sure to burst.

To succeed, one must possess the ability to transform doubt into certainty.

Enthusiasm begets achievement.

The man who can, but doesn't, must give way to the man who can't, but tries.—Profitable Advertising.

all parts of the world. Just as the wheat raising age is passing in the United States it is beginning in Western Canada. In 1900 Western Canada raised 20,000,000 bushels of wheat; in 1901 it raised near 68,000,000; this year it may raise more than 80,000,000. It

Polite Chinamen consider it a breach of etiquette to wear spectacles in company.

In all countries more marriages take place in June than in any other month.



Front View



Rear View

THE VICTORIA MEMORIAL.

be the same. The Free Press says that the work of securing a suitable provincial memorial of the great and good queen was put in motion very shortly after her death, the suggestion to form a Queen Victoria Memorial Society having come from Mr. Thos. Gilroy, who has done the lion's share in the matter of collecting the necessary funds. With a view of making the memorial a thoroughly provincial tribute to the late queen, no one individual was allowed to give more than \$5.00—but any sum, however small, was gratefully received and duly acknowledged. It had been hoped to have had the entire work done in Canada, but after very careful consideration on the part of the committee, it was found that this would not be feasible and the work was trusted to Mr. Frampton. The statue is of bronze and the base, which is being prepared in Winnipeg, will be of native stone. It is understood the committee in charge are arranging for the unveiling of the memorial with ceremonies calculated to be a lasting memory with the citizens of the West.

Reflections.

It's lucky for most of us that our prayers for justice are not granted. Only a wise man can handle wit discreetly.

As we slide down the bannisters of life we find they're full of splinters.

Some people seem to regard consistency as a paste jewel.

Before you kick a man be sure he hasn't a brick concealed in his clothes.

A rolling stone gathers momentum, anyway.

Canada's Wheat Crop.

Opportunity, a St. Paul, Minn., paper, says that "the wheat age is just beginning in Western Canada. There are in that country at the very least forty or fifty million acres of good wheat lands and only 3,500,000 acres are now devoted to wheat. There is room for tremendous expansion in wheat growing in Western Canada. The land is cheap and fertile, thousands of miles of new railways are projected or building, and the people to drive the plows sow the grain and take the harvest are pouring in from

will only be three or four years more until they will be raising more hard spring wheat in Western Canada than the farmers of Minnesota and the Dakotas will be raising.

A speedy wild duck can fly at the rate of ninety miles an hour.

A perfectly proportioned man should weigh 28 pounds for every foot of his height.

Horses, giraffes and ostriches have the largest eyes of land animals; cuttlefish of sea creatures.



C. P. R. TRESTLE BRIDGE.

This bridge is near Harrowby, Man., and is probably the only structure on the line not yet filled up. An attempt was made a few years ago to fill it, but it was a failure, because the weight of earth dumped in started a landslide extending down the hill nearly to the river.

Have Plenty of Sleep.

The old axiom that early rising and early to bed are a sure road to health, wealth and wisdom, is not a safe guide to follow, according to medical authorities. This idea, so commonly held by old-fashioned people, is a remnant of that strong Puritan doctrine that all indulgence of the natural inclinations partook of the kingdom of Satan. But there can be no exception to the rule that all small children, and even older school children, should go early to bed. Nine o'clock, the hour of the curfew, should be the rule of the young scholar, and very small children should go to bed with the chickens, before the daylight darkens. And, though sent to bed early, children should not be expected to rise too early in the morning. To a delicate child the rest that comes with the early hours is a tonic and blessing. Ten or eleven hours is none too much for a young child, and the schoolboy who is forming bone and muscle needs more sleep than his grown-up brother. Many a delicate schoolgirl has been hurried to an early grave by burning the midnight oil and at the same time attempting to rise with the lark. Sleep is a tonic, and it is the duty of the house-mother to see that all persons in her charge have sufficient sleep, quite as much as to see that they have sufficient food. Yet the same mother who will allow her children to eat even more than is sometimes good for them will deny them sufficient sleep because it upsets her plans, or because she ignorantly mistakes for slothfulness the natural desire which all growing children have for extra rest.—News.

Seasonable

Keeping the Hair in Curl.

An exchange says that an excellent recipe for keeping the hair in curl is made of the following ingredients:

Gum arabic one drachm.

Borax one-half ounce.

Spirits of camphor, one-half ounce.

Dissolve the gum arabic and the borax in a pint of hot water, shake well and add the spirits of camphor last. This should be bottled for use.

Three Good Lotions for the Skin.

The nose is very apt to freckle, even when no other parts of the face are affected. These little brown spots may be removed by putting on the nose a little of this lotion: Lemon juice, three ounces; vinegar, one ounce; rose water, one ounce; bay rum, one ounce. Apply this with a sponge several times a day. A red nose is the result of an impaired digestion or tight lacing. Diet, exercise and common sense will cure it.

For pimples on the face, the following lotion is recommended by an authority: To five ounces of elder-flower water add one ounce of spirits of camphor and one drachm of milk of sulphur. Shake thoroughly. Wash the face at night with tepid water and soap, and after drying the face apply the lotion with a soft sponge, allowing it to dry on.

To clear the complexion, rub the face over, just before washing it, with two teaspoonfuls of flowers of sulphur mixed in half a pint of new milk. This mixture should stand a little while before it is used on the face.

Care of Carpets and Rugs.

The following excellent hints are taken from the House Beautiful: If the carpets were lifted and cleaned in the spring, a thorough sweeping and freshening are all that are necessary when the time for fall house-cleaning has arrived. A carpet can be made to appear like new with the following treatment: Procure two quarts of sawdust, the same amount of white clay, and mix it with one-half cup of strong ammonia that has been added to three quarts of water. Put into a pail or bucket and mix thoroughly, using an old broom that has worn down almost to a stump. Remove the furniture from the room early in the morning, selecting a bright day for the work, and rub this preparation into the carpet, so that there is a paste covering the entire surface. Let it remain for five or six hours, and then sweep it up, several sweepings being required to get it all up clean. The carpet should be thoroughly swept before applying the mixture, and any little rents or thin places should be mended or darned. The entire preparation should not cost more than fifteen cents for each carpet, the clay costing ten and allowing five cents for the ammonia and sawdust.

Another way of brightening a carpet is to sweep thoroughly, and then mop with a perfectly clean mop rag, wrung out of tepid water containing half a cup of ammonia and three or four tablespoonfuls of camphor. Linoleum can be brightened after it commences to wear dingy by first washing it as usual and then going over it with a mop dipped in this solution: Break two eggs into a dish, beat enough to mix them, and then add one quart of water. Do not walk on the linoleum while it is drying, and leave the room open to the air in the meantime. This quantity is sufficient for a room ten

feet square, and can be increased or lessened as the occasion requires.

Heavy door mats should be turned on the wrong side and beaten till the dust drops out of the fibres. A rug should always be beaten, never shaken. When a carpet is purchased all the threads which ravel out in the cutting should be put carefully away, and when the carpet commences to wear thin it can be easily darned with these before it has worn into a hole.

Spots should be removed from rugs and carpets as soon as they are noticed, instead of waiting for house-cleaning time. If they are neglected they gather dust and dirt every day, and without leaving a trace of the process.

The brown paper used by butchers is really more effective than blotting paper for removing grease stains, and a supply of it should be kept in the house at all times. Spots caused by soot, blacking, and similar substances should not be brushed up. The brush only drives the smut deeper into the carpet. Pour salt, oatmeal or cornmeal over the soot and rub into the carpet. Then brush all up together, and all trace of the spot is removed.

When ink is first spilled on a rug or carpet, it can usually be removed with milk and salt. As much salt should be poured over it as will keep the milk from sinking into the carpet. The milk is then poured over it and wiped up. The salt and milk are used alternately until the ink is removed, and then the spot is well washed up with hot ammonia water to keep the grease in the milk from spreading.

One wash will make a rug look better than repeated sweepings and shakings. The rugs purchased abroad are washed repeatedly before they are brought into this country, making the colors rich and mellow. Tack the rug on a bit of bare floor, scrub thoroughly with warm ammonia suds, and rinse with many clear waters until all the soap is removed. Let the rug dry on the floor without removing the tacks, then take it up and it will not shrink, roll, nor pull out of shape.

If, for any reason, it becomes desirable to really wash a carpet, it should be removed from the floor, thoroughly beaten, and the widths ripped apart. Wash one width at a time, using a washing machine if possible. A boilerful of soft water should be heated, and enough pearline added to make a strong suds. Put one width at a time into the machine and wash till the water is dirty. Prepare a second suds in the same way, and pass the carpet through the wringer into it. A thorough rinsing in two clear waters, to which has been added a little salt to settle the colors, and the carpet will be clean. It is best to lay the widths on the grass if possible until they commence to dry. If they are hung across a line the water is apt to soak into the ends and the colors will run. When dry, sew the widths together as at first, and lay on the floor once more.

Matting should be washed with strong salt and water to strengthen the fibres. If a white or cream-colored matting has become faded and discolored, wash with strong soda water, and while this will turn it a deeper shade of creamy yellow, it will be all one color instead of variegated. Matting should always be swept the way of the weave, not across it. If some of the figures in the pattern have become dingy, they can be brightened by rubbing dye into the matting with an old toothbrush, following the lines of the figure, which can be strengthened with a pencil before applying the dye.

Japanese Eggs.

Hard boil eggs, remove the shells, cut them into halves lengthwise; take out the yolks and mash; add a tablespoonful of melted butter and three sardines rubbed to a paste, a dash of red pepper, half a teaspoonful of salt; mix; form into balls, and fill into the space in each white. Have ready one cup of carefully boiled rice, form it into a mould in the centre of a platter, sink the eggs down into the rice, and stand the platter over hot

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water while you rub together two rounding tablespoonfuls of butter and two of flour. Add half a pint of stock and half a pint of milk; stir until boiling; add a level teaspoonful of salt and a dish of red pepper. Strain this over the eggs and rice, dust with chopped parsley, and serve very hot.

Fresh Cherry Souffle.

Put a cupful of cherry juice and water and a cupful of stoned cherries over the fire. Mix three tablespoonfuls of cornstarch; stir into the cherries; sweeten. Cook for ten minutes. Add the juice of half a lemon and the whites of four eggs. Decorate small moulds with cherries; pour in the mixture, set in a pan of hot water and bake. Serve with cream and sugar.

Milk and Sugar Icing.

Mix together half a cupful of milk and a cupful and a half of granulated sugar. Put a level tablespoonful of butter into a small saucepan, and stand it over the teakettle to melt; carefully skim and allow to settle. Take a teaspoonful of this clear butter oil and add it to the sugar and water; stir until the sugar is thoroughly dissolved, then wipe down the sides of the pan, and boil continuously without stirring until the mixture spins a thread; this will be in about ten minutes. Take from the fire and beat rapidly until it is creamy and the proper consistency to run easily over the cake. Add flavoring, and use at once.

How the Duck Told.

An old school mistress had a duck which she said could tell her which of the boys under her care was guilty of wrong-doing.

Her plan was to send all of the boys into a dark place and have each of them rub their hands over the duck's back. Then she brought them into the school room again and told them to hold up their hands. It was seen that the hands of every boy was black—except one. He had not touched the duck, because he knew he had done wrong, and was afraid something in the quack of the duck, if he placed his hands on it, would make this known. The rest of the boys had no such fear, because they knew that they were innocent. It was not really the duck that had told on the boy, but his own clean hand. The knowledge that he was guilty made him afraid of the duck.

Brothers! Sisters! love one another; bear with one another. If one offend, forgive him and love him still; and whatever may be the fault of others, we must not forget that in the sight of God we have faults as great, and perhaps greater, than theirs. Be kind to the little ones; they will often be fretful or wayward. Be patient with them and amuse them. How often a whole family of little ones are restored to good humor by an elder sister proposing some new play, and perhaps joining in it, or gathering them round her while she relates some pleasant story.



"A DAUGHTER OF THE FIELDS."

Albert and Victoria at Rest.

In the picturesque grounds of Frogmore, now the Windsor home of the Prince and Princess of Wales, approaching from the direction of the Long Walk by a short carriage drive lined with rare trees planted by members of the King's family, stands the Royal Mausoleum, the majestic burying place of Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort, whose remains are enshrined within the beautifully

statue of the Prince Consort, bare-headed, with whiskers and moustache, the 'fashion of his time, booted and spurred, and attired in Garter robes, ornamented with the badge of the order. Hanging higher up on the wall, and over the head of the sarcophagus are the Garter banners and insignia of the Premier Order, which, after the death of Prince Albert, were never allowed to be separated, but were displayed, side by side, in the



WHERE ALBERT AND VICTORIA THE GOOD LAY AT REST.

The first photograph taken in the Royal Mausoleum at Frogmore, wherein Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort are interred.

decorated building. This noble structure, fitly styled a mausoleum, was commenced by Queen Victoria soon after the death of Prince Albert, whose body was removed from the castle to its present resting place as soon as the tomb was ready for its reception. For the adornment of its splendid interior the richest marbles were selected from many countries, rare frescoes and statuary embellished its walls, and the domed clerestory was lighted with stained glass. The sarcophagus containing the coffins of Queen Victoria and her royal consort occupies the width of the marble floor, the tomb being supported at its four corners by bronze kneeling angelic figures. Upon the covering slab of the burial place lie white marble recumbent statues of her late majesty and Prince Albert, both of which sculptures were the work of Baron Marochetti, and designed at the same time, that of the Prince having been placed in position shortly after his decease, room having been reserved at its side upon the slab for the statue of Queen Victoria.

In this state the royal tomb remained during the long widowhood of her Majesty, its only occupant being the body of Prince Albert till the



A JAPANESE SMITHY.

death of Queen Victoria, when for the first time, probably for about forty years, the covering slab was removed for her obsequies, in order to fulfil her wish, so touchingly expressed in the Latin inscription over the portal of the mausoleum, that she might rest with and rise again with her royal consort. The statue of Queen Victoria represents her as much younger than she appeared to the present generation, the sculpture, of course, like that of Prince Albert, having been modelled when both were in the prime of life. The late Queen is depicted in regal robes, wearing a jewelled crown, and holding a sceptre in her clasped hands. Lying at the side of the recumbent figure is the

choir of St. George's Chapel till after the death of Queen Victoria, when they were removed from Windsor Castle to the Royal Mausoleum at Frogmore, and placed by the King's command in the position assigned them.

Twenty-Three Thousand Acres.

A writer in an exchange gives the following description of the largest cultivated farm owned by any one man: "The farm is owned by Mr. David Rankin, of Tarkio, Atchison Co., Missouri. He is a millionaire and the largest corn raiser and stock feeder in the world. His farm contains 23,000 acres, all tilled under his special supervision. His motto is, 'Thou shalt not sell corn,' and he rigidly adheres to it. He has never sold even one kernel in his life because it is contrary to his principles and experience."

"He started life in Illinois with a colt his father had given him, worth about \$52.00. He traded the colt for calves which he traded for two steers with which he farmed his eighty-acre farm which he had bought on time. Afterwards he sold this and bought one in Atchison county, Missouri where he now lives. His farm is now divided into fourteen sections, each under the direct charge of a foreman. These foremen are educated, capable men, and are paid from \$50 per month to \$1,000 per year. Under their direction are 200 employes whom he pays from \$25 to \$30 per month and board. It is thirty-five miles from one end of the farm to the other. On the whole fourteen divisions are thirty-five houses; each division has a good house for the foreman and his family and a good house where the employees are boarded by the wife of one of them at \$2.50 per week, Mr. Rankin paying the board.

"It requires 700 teams to work this farm; most of them are mules. The expenses average \$300 a day; the feed alone costs as high as \$100 a day; \$3,000 a year are spent for chain harness, as there is not a leather tug on the farm. The cornfields cover 14,000 acres and raise 400,000 bushels of corn. In feeding seasons from 3,000 to 8,000 bushels of corn are fed in a day. He has 2,000 acres in wheat and the rest in hay and pasture land for four years each, when it is broken up. In busy seasons he hires all the horses he can get at a dollar each per day. He has \$50,000 invested in machinery. He is particularly enthusiastic about two-row cultivators and two-row listers. Corn rows a mile long are not unusual on his farm. One hundred acres of corn are planted every time the drills travel two and a half miles in length. The divisions are from 640 to 3,100 acres in size.

"He feeds from 8,000 to 10,000 head of cattle on this farm every year and two or three times as many hogs every year. Some of the cattle are

bought, but the hogs are all raised on the farm. The sale of hogs amounts to \$80,000 a year. His profit last year was \$64,000, and has sometimes been as high as \$100,000. The other men on the farm work ten hours a day, but Mr. Rankin always works sixteen, and this is his only diversion. He has taken only two vacation trips in sixty years, once to Europe, and once to the Yellowstone Park. He does not smoke, drink or swear, but he pays very little attention to his personal appearance."

Oldest City in the World.

No city in the East presents more charming pictures of Oriental life and color than Damascus; and no other city contains so many magnificent houses, whose shaded courts and luxurious chambers take us back in fancy to the enchanted period of Oriental splendor celebrated in the "Arabian Nights." But, however luxurious the houses, the gardens of Damascus have even greater charm, and they are not only profusely scattered throughout the city, but they stretch for miles around, where the waters have rescued almost a province from the desert. "Damascus," says a writer in the Cosmopolitan, "has had a longer continuous existence than any city that is standing in the world today. Over this garden spot of the desert there has been eternal conflict. Bloodshed has been its portion, and century after century has witnessed battle without and massacre within its walls."

A Prayer.

Most gracious God, who hast been infinitely merciful to us, not only in the year past, but through all the years of our life, be pleased to accept our most unfeigned thanks for thine innumerable blessings to us; graciously pardoning the manifold sins and infirmities of our life past, and bountifully bestowing upon us all those graces and virtues, which may render us acceptable to thee.

And, every year which thou shalt be pleased to add to our lives, add also, we humbly implore Thee, more strength to our faith, more ardor to our love, and a greater perfection to our obedience, and grant that, in a humble sincerity and constant perseverance, we may serve thee most faithfully the remainder of our lives, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.—Charles How (1661-1745).

The cheapest postal service in the world is that of Japan, where letters are conveyed all over the empire for two sen—about seven-tenths of a penny. This is the more wonderful considering the difficulties of transport over a mountainous and irregular country which has less than one hundred miles of railway, while wagons can only pass over a few of the chief roads and steamers connect but a small number of coast stations.

Let Bygones be Bygones.

Let bygones be bygones; if bygones were clouded
By aught that occasioned a pang of regret,
Oh, let them in darkest oblivion be shrouded;
'Tis wise and 'tis kind to forgive and forget.

Let bygones be bygones, and good be extracted
From ill over which it is folly to fret;
The wisest of mortals have foolishly acted—
The kindest are those who forgive and forget.

Let bygones be bygones; oh, cherish no longer
The thought that the sun of Affection has set;
Eclipsed for a moment, its rays will be stronger,
If you, like a Christian, forgive and forget.

Let bygones be bygones; your heart will be lighter,
When kindness of yours with reception has met;
The flames of your love will be purer and brighter
If, Godlike, you strive to forgive and forget.

Let bygones be bygones, oh, purge out the leaven
Of malice, and try an example to set
To others, who, craving the mercy of heaven,
Are sadly too slow to forgive and forget.

Let bygones be bygones; remember how deeply
To heaven's forbearance we all are in debt;
They value God's infinite goodness too cheaply
Who heed not the precept "Forgive and forget."

—Chambers' Journal.

It is while you are patiently toiling at the little tasks of life that the meaning and shape of the great whole of life dawns upon you. It is while you are resisting little temptations that you are growing stronger.

There are few people in the world more depressing and disheartening than those who are always seeing some shadow of coming evil. The world is sombre enough even at the best, and it is scarcely worth while to go out seeking for shadows or to conjure up purely imaginary ones.

The mother who has acquired the habit of scolding her children thereby shows that she is not competent to train them to obedience. For scolding is a sign of weakness. It indicates that the person who has it has not mastered herself and that she knows not how to rule others.

Send Photographs

The Western Home Monthly will be glad to receive photographs depicting western life. Photographers, both professional and amateur, in all parts of the Canadian West, are invited to submit pictures. Such as are deemed suitable for use in our columns will be paid for, while those not suitable will be returned. Photographs of special events, gatherings, novel scenes, oddities, farm homes, etc., are looked for. Accompanying each photograph must be the name of the party sending it in, and note explaining the incident or object it pictures, date, etc.

Grandma's Been to the Fair.

"Well, Mrs. Homer, they tell me you have been to the Dominion fair at Winnipeg."

"An' it's the truth. I've been there. Never took such a jaunt in my life afore in all my born days. Everybody said I oughtn't go. They said what I'd never get home alive, but here I am back again, safe an' sound, with never a bone broken. At first I didn't keer to go, but Edward said I had to, an' Edward's a powerful fellow for havin' his own way, though he's an awful nice boy. 'You've never been nowhere, grandma,' sez he, 'an' I've set my heart on your goin' to the fair.' Well, I knew twasn't no use to say no if Edward had made up his mind. I raised him from a three months' old baby, an' he's allers been just that way. Why, I tried to get him to stay at the old farm, but no, he must be a drummer (a traveller, you know), and there was no use, he set his heart on it, an' so I let him go. Now there ain't no farmer in the hull world what makes as much money as he does, and he is just the best boy that ever lived."

"When all them fine city folks was a noticin' my old-fashioned country ways, why Edward wasn't payin' no attention to them, but was just as nice to me as if I had been the first in the land, instead of a poor, lone, ignorant widder woman; if I'd been the King's wife herself, Edward (the King's called after Edward) couldn't a been no nicer."

"Before we started off, I'd already told him I didn't have no clothes fetten to wear, but he said he'd see to all that, an' first thing I knew here come Miss Sallie Baker, an' asayin' grandma, you're getting mighty young goin' away off to the 'Peg, an' all the time she was talkin' she was cuttin' an' bastin' and fittin' till directly I had more shirt waists than I knowed what to do with. An' Edward sent me a fine black skirt already made, and I put it on, an' one of them new waists, and Miss Baker declared I looked jest like I'd stepped outer the fashion plate."

Edward said was the old station. An' what great works they are amakin' at the station. There's what they call the subway and the new C.P.R. hotel and station. A host of men is busy plowin' and ashovelin' the dirt away, making a great hole in the street. Edward got us on a street car and off we went along Main street. We stopped at one of the stores and Edward he bought me a new belt and then we stopped at one of the hotels. He said he had a hard time to get rooms, but he got them. Alter a little we went out to the fair grounds. Child, it fairly makes my head go round an' round now when I try to recollect all I saw in them few days. Why, the hull world was right there, seems to me, an' when I came away my mind felt just like a trunk that has been packed so tight you can't shut the door down.

"What did I like best? I don't know; there was so many great things. Of course we took in the cattle, sheep, pigs and horses, an' they were most fine. Cows there was that looked as though they could beat our first prize milker all holler. They had all sizes and colors—black, white, red, an' then mixed colors. A lot of the horses were all covered over an' it was quite hot. Edward took us up on a place they call the grand stand—a great big place open at the front an' both ends, but covered on top. Here we could sit an' sit and see the show again an' such a kick-up! All the time the band was aplayin' an' some fellows sang a bit, 'All on a Sunday mornin'' it sounded like. There was a raised stand in front of us people an' on this the actors showed what they could do. It was wonderful, but some of the wimmin who did things should be 'shamed of theirselves; they just looked as though they had no clothes on. Dresses must be again out of fashion, for they didn't have any on. There was one girl who danced on a wire who was astonishin'. She was dressed all up fine with fancy goods and walked across the wire as though she was runnin' across a log over the crick. Then there was dogs an' horses and lions on the great big

one tent where there was long people an' broad people, short and thin people. They'd make you laugh great. An' another one where there was fellows robbin' a train and ashootin' an' killin' others, but fellows that was at a dance went off and shot the robbers. An' then a white stature was made to grow alive, into a live girl who answered back to the feller what was aspeakin' at the front atellin' us what it was about. Then she was aburried in flowers and comed to life again. Next she turned dead to stone 'cause her man didn't act right, the feller said. Then there was other things, all great. I can't think about them all. They comes to me now an' at other times when I remembers about them; It was great.

But the nicest was at night after it

Try It. It's Good.

MOTHER NOBLETT'S

EVERTON TOFFEE

A delicious old English sweetmeat. In dainty tin boxes 20 cents, or by mail 25 cents, from

W. FRASER, Sole Agent for Canada.
651 Young Street, **Winnipeg, Man.**

"The painter was on one occasion dining with Rothschild, when he remarked that for some time past he had vainly sought a head to serve as a model for that



C.P.R. STATION AT GRENFELL, ASSA.

was adark. Then the place was all lighted up with glasses alit by 'lectricity and all colors. The place looked fine. There was the performin' again on the stand in front of where we were sittin', an' racin' in what they calls ortermobiles, things without hosses that go quicker than Bess and Dick can, an' no one adrivin' with reins either. Then there was a war in front of us. Sojers was afightin' others, an' as this kept agoin' on there was great fireworks shootin' up in the sky. The band aplayin' and the men shootin' an' the crackers goin' off made a great noise. If a war's like that at all times it must be awful, for it made me feel very awful. But, child, it was all great. But I was glad when Edward an' me got on board the train and started for home. Though that Winnipeg is a great place there's no place like home. Just play us 'No Place Like Home' on the organ, Melinda. It was great; I'll tell you more some other time.

Rothschild as a Begger.

It is interesting to have proof of the fact that dress and environment alone often make the greatest difference between human beings. Eugene Delacroix, the famous French painter, relates following story of Baron James de Rothschild, which illustrates this point:



A NORWAY MILKING MACHINE.

of a beggar in a painting' on which he was engaged, and that as he gazed at his host's features the idea suddenly struck him that the very head he desired was before him.

"Rothschild, being a great admirer of art, readily consented to sit for him as a beggar. The next day at the studio, Delacroix placed a tunic around his shoulders, and made him pose as if he were resting on the steps of an ancient Roman temple. In this attitude he was discovered by one of the artist's favorite pupils, who, struck by the surpassing excellence of the model, congratulated his master upon having at last found exactly what he wanted.

"Indeed, so completely did the face of the richest man in the world, when robbed of its usual environment, have the expression of the beggar, that the young artist, having his sympathies aroused, and supposing that the model had been brought in from some church porch, seized an opportunity, when the master's eyes were turned, to slip a piece of money into the beggar's hands."

The Inevitable.

I like the man who faces what he must
With step triumphant and a heart of cheer;
Who fights the daily battle, without fear;
Sees his hopes fail, yet keeps unfaltering trust
That God is God; that somehow, true and just
His plans work out for mortals.
Not a tear
Is shed when fortune, which the world holds dear,
Falls from his grasp; better with love a crust
Than living in dishonor; envies not,
Nor loses faith in man; but does his best,
Nor ever murmurs at his humbler lot,
But with a smile and words of hope gives zest
To every toiler. He alone is great,
Who by a life heroic conquers fate.
—Sarah Knowles Bolton.

Life can be sustained for something like 30 days on water alone; with but dry food one could live but a quarter of that time.



BRIDGE NEAR GRANGE, P. O. MAN.

Erected seven years back, this bridge successfully resisted all spring floods until April of this year, when it was partly destroyed.

"But, oh, the gettin' there," sez I, "I can't go, as I'll get no sleep agoin' an' comin'!" "Pshaw," Edward said, "you'll get one of the sleepers at Calgary and you'll be as fresh as a spring chick when you reach the great city." "But, law," sez I, "I know I never can sleep on them cars." But if I'd been at home in my own feather bed I couldn't a slept no bettern I did in one of them little berths as they calls 'em. When I waked up thar we was right near to Winnipeg. And then we got out, and what a jam! I never was in such a crowd in my life afore. Why, honey, I was squeezed so plum tight that I lost my belt afore I got out to the road. They've got a temporary station at the C.P.R. and there's no more room to get along than on our back lane. It was a jam, sartin sure, but we didn't hear of any mishaps, only the losing of my new belt. I hain't seen it since, so I guess it's gone for good. We walked across the railroad track at Main street to near what

stand. An' they all did great things. But how funny it was to see the people all laugh when one of the hosses kicked a big round thing off. Our Dick could kick just as well as that, I'll bet ye. An' the dogs, they just run around the hosses legs and through the wheels as though they was astandin' still. Dick wouldn't let 'em do that; he would kick 'em all over afore he'd let 'em fool around him that way. From where we were asittin' we could see the hoss races an' the sojers' aperformin'. But, child, the Pike, as they called it, was the place for the laughin'. There was all kinds of people at this place. It was near by the threshin' machines an' wire fences. All kinds of things was there. An' the noise was just awful. Some of the fellers had no ends to their throats, I'm sure. There was a wild animal show, an' the lions an' other animals could do mor'n our striped cat; yes, they could. They could get up an' act great. An' then there was

The Millinery Menu.

(Spring bonnets are to be trimmed with small fruits; flowers will appear in the summer designs. This is done to prevent the women from wearing the spring hats all summer.—Millinery edict.)

A few potatoes on the brim,
Arranged in some artistic plan,
Will put the wearer in the swim,
But only through the month of Jan.
Some early lettuce, torn to shreds
And woven in a dainty web,
Will not upon the stylish heads
That know what is the mode for Feb.

Young onions of the palest green,
Arranged to form a swaying arch
Of tossing tops, will soon be seen
As quite the only thing for March.
Strawberries, with a net of lace
That stimulates the light whipped cream.

Will form a finish for the face
That April styles will cause to gleam,

A bunch of cherries and green peas,
And little apples, too, will sway
Upon the bonnets that will please
The fashionable folk in May.

A wreath of roses—bear in mind
That they must not come in too soon.

You're out of style if we should find
You wearing them preceding June.

The morning glory hat will be
The idol of each woman's eye,
When, garnished with skyrockets, she
Will see it flourish in July.

The poppy hat—now, do not let
Your recollection slip a cog.

To be in fashion, don't forget
You must wear poppy hats in Aug.
The golden wheat and rye, through which

The zephyrs of the summer crept,
Will make a bonnet rare and rich
And rule the thirty days of Sept.

If you should wear chrysanthemums,
Your friends would be extremely shocked

Should you forget that bonnet comes
Upon the fashion sage in Oct.

A turkey wing and pumpkin shell
Are millinery's treasure trove—

You'll find that they'll do very well
To show you're up to date in Nov.

A Christmas tree, with ornaments
Of tinsel balls and candle grease,

Will make a hat that represents
The nobbiest design of Dec.

—Chicago Tribune.

Jest Not With Death.

Let there be no jesting with death.
Let there be no faking nor hoaxing
in matters wherewith death is possibly
concerned. We have in mind a certain
business man who was asked to
make a speech at a banquet, a matter
which he could not well evade. He
went to a friend and said to him, "Do
you go and take my place, and make
the speech for me. I want to get out
of it. I'll just send to you, before you
sit down to the table, a telegram an-
nouncing the serious illness of my son,
who is away at college in another city.
That will serve as an excuse for me
and let you through all right."

The banquet went on. The excuse
was accepted. The speech of the
friend was a success. But upon the
following morning the proxy met his
principal. And he saw not smiles but
horror upon the face of the latter.
With trembling hand he showed an
actual telegram which announced the
actual illness and death of his son at
college in the far away city. "Never
again, in all my life," said he "will I
jest with death, or trifle with these
matters of human hardships or sorrow
as excuses for my own benefit."

There is talk that a young explorer,
eager, perhaps, unfitted for the task he
imposed upon himself, started out for
a story. We will say that he cared not
how near that story came to tragedy.
Whether or not this story has ended
in tragedy we do not know. We have
only in mind this known incident of
one man who urged illness as an ex-
cuse, and found himself face to face
with death as a fact. He had his own
rebuke.—Field and Stream.

Reminiscences of Childhood.

Fond memory brings pleasures that are
evermore fled,
Of childhood's bright, happy hours;
When life was as bright as a long summer
day
Bestrewed with the fairest of flowers.

O, oft on the pinions of thought do I rove,
When alone in my chamber at night;
And bask in the pleasures of days that are
frown,
That once were so happy and bright.

I see the old house on the green hillside,
Where I with my brothers have played;
The garden, the brook, and the old elm tree,
And the forest where together we strayed.

The hollyhocks grew by the old cottage door,
The roses bloomed over the wall,
The columbines, too, and the sweet mignon-
ette,
And chrysanthemums fairest of all.

But those bright days have long since pass-
ed away,
And my brothers have gone from my side;
Two wandered away from the old home
nest,
And one in his youthful strength died.

And now in my chamber I'm sitting alone,
Far, far from the scenes of my youth;
Estranged from companions of days that are
gone,
Sweet days full of innocent truth.
—Lucretia Banks Zastre.

Australia has more churches per
capita than any other country. She
has 210 churches to every 100,000 peo-
ple. England has 144 and Russia about
55.

When Were You Born.

If a girl is born in January she will
be a prudent housewife, given to
melancholy, but good tempered.

If in February, a humane and affec-
tionate wife and tender mother.

If in March, a frivolous chatter-box,
somewhat given to quarrelling.

If in April, inconstant, not intelli-
gent, but likely to be good-looking.

If in May, handsome and likely to
be happy.

If in June, imperious, will marry
early and be frivolous.

If in July, passably handsome, but
with a sulky temper.

If in August, amiable and practical,
and likely to marry rich.

If in September, discreet, affable
and much liked.

If in October, pretty and coquettish
and likely to be unhappy.

If in November, liberal, kind and of
a mild disposition.

If in December, well proportioned,
fond of novelty and extravagant.—Ex-
change.

You will find that the best defence
against gossip is to fill your mind with
higher and better things; to keep your
brain and hands busied with useful
and ennobling work.

The Happy Harvest Song.

I.

We'll have a sight of summer time the
weary way along,
But soon we'll all be singin' of the happy
harvest-song;
The fields, with cotton white,
Make visions of delight,
An' we hear the fiddle singin' where the
fire's blazin' bright!

II.

An' we'll soon be done with tollin', where
the fields are ripe to reap,
An' we'll hear the glad songs ringin' from
the valleys cool an' deep;
The songs of "Harvest Home,"
Where the autumn breezes roam,
An' the barns are piled with plenty, an' the
honey's in the comb!

III.

Come on, O merry season, when the world
will seem as bright
As the roses on the cheeks of Love, whose
eyes dance with delight!
The merry time of fall,
When the holly's in the hall,
An' we hear the fiddle's music, an' we swing
our sweethearts, all!

—

What did Lot do when his wife turn-
ed to salt? Got a fresh one.

Why should you be justified in pick-
ing the pockets of a vender of en-
gravings? Because he has pic-tures.

Why are cats like unskilled surgeons?
Because they mew-till-late (mutilate)
and destroy patience (patients).



"I WON'T HURT."

Boys and Girls

The Alphabet of Success.

Attend carefully to details.
Be prompt in all things.
Consider well, then decide positively.
Dare to do right, fear to do wrong.
Endure trials patiently.
Fight life's battles bravely.
Go not into the society of the vicious.
Hold integrity sacred.
Injure not another's reputation.
Join hands only with the virtuous.
Keep your mind free from evil thoughts.
Lie not for any consideration.
Make few special acquaintances.
Never try to appear what you are not.
Observe good manners.
Pay your debts promptly.
Question not the veracity of a friend.
Respect the counsel of your parents.
Sacrifice money rather than principle.
Touch not, taste not, handle not, intoxicating drinks.
Use your leisure for improvement.
Venture not upon the threshold of wrong.
Watch carefully over your passions.
Extend to everyone a kindly greeting.
Yield not to discouragement.
Zealously labor for the right, and success is certain.

—Ladies' Home Journal.

The Cat in the Bag

Little Arabella Frost was almost asleep; her curly head was nestled on the soft pillow of her brass cot and the dark lashes rested on her pink cheek. She was almost asleep, but not quite; the little ears were still open and she heard her mother say to her big brother Joe: "Then the cat is out of the bag."

"What cat, mother?" asked Arabella, sleepily, without opening her eyes.

"Never mind, baby; go to sleep," said the mother.

"What did they put the cat in the bag for?" Arabella asked herself. "It must be a wildcat."

Just then Arabella saw the bag; it was empty. She saw the cat; it looked very wild and seemed to be biting and scratching many people, and in a great fright she screamed and woke up.

You see, she had gone to sleep and dreamed about the cat getting out of the bag and her mother had to take her on her lap to get the little girl quiet again.

The mother then told her that "letting the cat out of the bag" meant telling a thing that ought not to be told and that a story was sometimes just like the cat she had dreamed about: it hurt people when it ran about. "If you hear anything ugly about your little playmates, darling," said the mother, "remember what the cat did when she got out and tie your bag as tight as you can."—Elizabeth P. Allen.

Famous Farmer.

Many years ago a boy who lived in the great West was suddenly thrown on his own resources by the death of his parents. Hiring himself out to a farmer, his eye chanced upon the statement that every man should know something about everything, and also be a specialist in addition to his occupation. The next morning the boy decided to make the idea his own, and because the willow was the tree that was nearest him he decided to become an expert upon willows. He found willows that were red, and willows white, and willows gray, and willows yellow, and willows blue; willows that stood up straight and willows that bowed themselves down weeping. He collected choice specimens of willow seeds and leaves and exchanged with agriculturists in all the states of the Union. Then he gathered specimens of willows from China and Japan, from England and Russia. The time came when teachers of forestry in lands beyond the sea sent to this farmer strange specimens of the willow for examination and classification. He lived and died a farmer, but if his occupation confined him to his fields and meadows, his hobby made narrowness impossible, broadened the scope of his study and observation, lent him sympathy and made friends in all the countries of the earth. There

is not a single representative of the flowers, or trees, or insects, or birds that is not waiting for some farmer's boy to inspect it, and in doing so the youth who has thought himself caged and confined will find that he has become the child of liberty and at last his feet are in the pathway that leads to growth and happiness."—Exchange.

My Ma, She Knows

My pa he scolds me, jes' becuz
He says I'm gettin' tough;
He says my face is never clean,
My hands are always rough;
I'm not behavin' like I should
An' goin' wrong I s'pose,
But ma, she takes an' pats my hand,
An' smiles becuz she knows.

My pa ain't got nò use fer boys,
I s'pose he wants 'em men,
I wonder if he's clean forgot
The boy he must 'a' been;
Fer ma, she says they're all alike
'Bout face an' hands an' clothes,
An' says I'll learn to be a man;
An' ma, I guess, she knows.

My pa, he says I ain't no good
At doin' anything;
I'd ruther fool away the time
An' whistle, dance an' sing;
But ma, she smiles an' says I'm young,
An' then she up an' goes
An' kisses me, an' shows me how,
Fer ma, you bet, she knows.

My pa, he says I'll never be
A business man, like him,
Because I hain't got any "drive"
And "get-up," "pluck and vim;"
But ma, she says, so solemn like,
"A man's a boy that grows."
"An' boys must have their playin'
spells."

An' ma's a trump an' knows!

My pa, he shakes his head an' sighs,
An' says he doesn't see
Where I get all the careless ways
That seem jes' born in me;
An' ma, she laughs, an' laughs, an'
laughs,
Till pa's face crimson grows,
An' then she says, "'Tis very queer,"
But somehow, ma, she knows.



BEAR BULL'S SONS SHOOTING GOPHERS AT BOISSEVAIN, MAN.

My ma, she knows most anything
'Bout boys, an' what they like,
She's never scoldin' 'bout the muss
I make with kites and bike;
She says she wants me to be good
An' conquer all my foes,
An' you jes' bet I'm goin' to be,
'Cuz my sweet ma, she knows.

Learn to take the little sweetnesses
and pleasant things of life as you go,
and do not be in haste to go farther,
promising to enjoy the first things
upon the edge as you return. It may
be impossible to find them again. And
when a bright little opportunity blossoms
as you pass, stop to pluck and use
it. You may not pass that way again.

Grandmas of Long Ago.

Can't you shut your eyes and see them—
Dear old souls of long ago?
Sweet Grandmothers as we knew them
When life's tide was at its flow;
Good old mothers of the present—
Bless them, every one, I say.
With their tender, time-seared faces
And their hair bestrewn with gray;
But if I could go back thirty—forty years
ago and see
Dear, old black-lace-mitted grandmas it
would be a treat to me!

Dim old eyes and brass-bowed glasses,
Sunken cheeks and parchment skin,
Big two-handled, black work basket
That they took their "knittin'" in—
"Breakfast shawl," put on three-cornered,
"Slat" sunbonnet, and a pair
Of old-fashioned black lace "half-hands,"
Leaving gnarled old fingers bare—
Ah, if I could go back thirty—forty years
ago and see
Dear, old black-lace-mitted grandmas it
would be a boon to me!

Knuckles big and brown and—ugly?
God forbid that I should say,
Hands deformed by tasks of beauty—
Hands that laid their dead away.
Though they craved more years of service—
God forbid that these should be
Aught but beauty's very essence,
Soul of sacredness to me!
O, if I could only go back thirty years or
so, I know
I'd seek first the lace-mitt grandmas of the
dear, dead long ago!

Crude, unlettered, bent with toiling,
Blunt, unskilled in tricks of speech—
Yet as good as gold of Ophir,
Fit forever to teach
All their daughters, by example,
What the mother-heart should know—
Inspirations to devotion,
Dear old souls of long ago!
Let me take the whole world with me on
my backward trip to see
Blessed, black-lace-mitted grandmas that are
still so dear to me!

Perfumes of Queens and Em- presses.

Thanks to an assiduous French journalist, the world now knows the perfumes which the queens and empresses of Europe prefer.

Young Queen Wilhelmina, of Holland, uses nothing but eau de cologne and English soap of white heliotrope.

The Empress of Russia has on her dressing table only the following French essences; Jonquil, jasmine, Iranjipani, violet, creme duchesse and lavender water.

The Empress of Germany prefers the perfume of new mown hay to any other.

The Dowager Queen of Italy shows her patriotism by invariably using Palermo soap and Roman cream.

The late Empress Frederick, like Queen Wilhelmina, thinks that there is no perfume in the world which equals that of the best eau de cologne.

Queen Alexandra is more eclectic. Not a perfume, cream, dentifrice or toilet water is put on the market which is not carefully examined for her by a specialist. Otherwise she has no preference, but, like the bee, flits from flower to flower.



SQUAW WITH PAPOOSE.

The Home

Holding Children's Hands.

An authority claims that there is much injury done by grown persons in holding the hands of little ones when walking. Little dots of eighteen months or two years are dragged along the street holding one of its arms high above its head. This unnatural position strains the muscles of both heart and arms, and not only that, but the child is obliged with its tiny feet and legs to keep up with the pace of the parent or nurse who never stops to realize how many steps the little feet have taken to their one. No grown person could walk long with his arms raised above his head, much less being dragged at full speed by some giant four times his own size. Yet mothers scold their little ones for crying when they have been hurried this way for long distances. Let the little ones walk alone or hold the hand of some other small child. It is not safe to strain or overtax their tender muscles and it may save many a crying fit.

The Way Chinese Women Ride.

The Chinese women of the wealthier classes seldom do any walking outside of their homes. The usual mode of outdoor travelling is by means of what we might call a wheelbarrow, for such



the affair resembles, as will be seen by the illustration. Two women usually occupy the conveyance, sitting one on each side of the wheel, with an arm rest between them, in which, in summer time, a parasol is fastened. These "wheelbarrows" are pushed by native servants.

She Papered Her Floors.

A woman to whom the ordinary dust collecting, moth breeding carpet was an abomination, and who could not afford to have all her rooms re-floored in hard woods, adopted this expedient for some of the seldom used ones: She selected at a paper hanger's a heavy wall paper, dark in color and conventional in design. She laid the floor first with brown paper. Then she put down the wall paper by first coating it with paste and smoothing it down. When the floor was all papered, she sized and varnished it with dark glue and common varnish, which deepened the color. When it was dry she scattered a few rugs about, and her paper carpets have lasted for years.—Chicago Tribune.

Table for Cooking Vegetables.

Potatoes boiled, 30 minutes.
Potatoes baked, 45 minutes.
Sweet potatoes boiled, 45 minutes.
Sweet potatoes baked, 1 hour.
Squash boiled, 25 minutes.
Squash baked, 1 hour.
Green peas boiled, 20 to 40 minutes.
Shell beans boiled, 30 to 60 minutes.
Shell beans baked, 4 to 6 hours.
String beans boiled, 20 minutes to 1 hour.
Green corn boiled, 20 minutes to 1 hour.
Asparagus, 15 to 20 minutes.
Spinach, 1 to 2 hours.
Tomatoes, fresh, 1 hour.
Tomatoes, canned, 30 minutes.

Cabbage, 45 minutes to 2 hours.
Cauliflower, 1 to 2 hours.
Onions, 1 to 2 hours.
Beets, 1 to 3 hours.
Turnips, 45 minutes to 1½ hours.
White turnips, 45 minutes to 1 hour.
Parsnips and carrots, 45 minutes to 1 hour.
Rice boiled, 30 minutes.
Rice steamed, 1½ hours.
Rice slow baked, 2 to 3 hours.
Bread, 30 minutes to 1 hour.
Cake, fruit, 3 to 5 hours.
Cake, layer, 15 minutes.
Muffins, 20 minutes.
Pies, 30 to 45 minutes.
Puddings, 20 minutes to 1 hour.

All vegetables fresh gathered from the garden cook in less time than do those bought in the markets. The time given for green beans in this table is under rather than over the amount necessary.

The Damage a Moth Does.

It is a mistake to suppose that keeping out the air is a safeguard for furs. Far better is it to take out the furs once in a fortnight and look them over, if they are not kept in cold storage. In so short a time as a fortnight an ordinary moth can work irretrievable damage.

This fact was illustrated by the experience of a New Yorker who brought a family heirloom to a local furrier for remodelling. It was a sable garment, which had descended to the New Yorker from an English relative, and was valued at \$6,000.

Before sailing the owner had the fur piece packed by a London firm and hermetically sealed. Three months later she drove to the New York furrier's shop, and watched with kindling eyes the opening of her ancestral treasure.

The sealing was broken, the furrier

opened the tar-paper lining, thrust in his hand, and drew out—a handful of furry fragments.

The sable was in shreds. Half a dozen moths, perhaps only one or two, had been left in the sables, and secure in their hermetically sealed home, had done their little worst. Not so much as a solid square of two inches remained.

Cleanliness is the saving grace of furs, and the housewife who cannot afford the care of experts should pack her furs where they are accessible.

clean them thoroughly, and examine them at regular intervals.—Home Beautiful.

Hints on Etiquette.

Most of the rules of etiquette are based on kindness and unselfishness. Manners are of more importance than laws, being the foundation stones of civilization.

When making calls in another city the name of the place you reside in may be written in the lower corner of the card.

In most cases it is only necessary for a woman to bow politely and repeat the name of the person presented.

When drinking from a cup the spoon is left in the saucer. It should never be left for a moment in the cup, being used only to stir and dissolve the sugar.

Ceremonious calls are not made between women in the morning, evening or on Sunday afternoon. A gentleman, owing to the exactions of business, may call in the evening and on Sunday afternoon.

A finger bowl is always a necessary adjunct to the fruit course at a dinner. The finger tips only are dipped in the bowl and gently wiped on the napkin. A few flowers or leaves are placed in the water of the bowl.

When offering a woman his seat in a street car a man invariably lifts his hat; the perfectly courteous man removes his hat when stepping aside in a narrow way to allow her free passage; also when passing a lady on the stairs.

When calling, a man does not offer hand first, but waits for the initiative from his hostess.

VALUABLE PREMIUMS

HAVE YOU NOTICED THE USEFUL
PREMIUMS GIVEN WITH

Orange Meat

THE NEW CEREAL FOOD?

Ask your Grocer to show you a sample of these
Premiums

COUPONS IN EVERY PACKAGE



A GROUP OF CANADIAN CHILDREN.—THIRD GENERATION IN CANADA.

Garden and Flowers

A Garden Song.

Here in this sequestered close,
Bloom the hyacinth and rose;
Here, beside the modest stock,
Flaunts the flaring hollyhock;
Here, without a pang, one sees
Ranks, conditions, and degrees.

Here, in alleys cool and green,
Far ahead the thrush is seen;
Here, along the southern wall,
Keeps the bee his festival;
All is quiet else—afar
Sounds of toil and turmoil are.

Here be shadows large and long;
Here be spaces meet for song;
Grant, O garden-god, that I,
Now that none profane is nigh—
Now that mood and moment please,
Find the fair Pierides!

—H. Austin Dobson.

Looking Ahead.

It is none too early to give thought to your winter garden if you intend having plants for it from your own summer garden. It is high time that you were taking cuttings from your Geraniums and getting them well rooted. It is the simplest and easiest thing imaginable to do this. Many flower-growers simply break off slips and thrust them into the ground by the mother plant where they quickly take root if kept well watered and partly shaded for a few days. If you have never grown them, it will surprise and please you to discover how pretty the Petunia is as a winter bloomer and how easy of cultivation it is. Plant a few seeds of choice varieties this month and they will make fine, strong plants by the time you are ready to transfer them to the house in the fall. Some of the double varieties are extremely beautiful. Look out for the small seedlings underneath your Alyssum plants. They will make fine winter grown blooming plants. Seeds of nearly all annuals may be sown this month, and it is possible to have a lovely window garden with plants grown from seeds this month or very early next month. Better take time by the forelock, however, and sow the seeds now. Give your Chrysanthemums full attention during the summer months. Never allow the soil to get thoroughly dry around the roots, or the plant may be permanently injured. Do not fail to

give your Sweet Peas plenty of water, or they will begin to grow yellow near the ground and soon cease blooming.

Ancient Plant Life.

That all our civilized plants originally grew wild, from the nature of the case, admits of no question. But just where some of them originated, or even how they appeared in their wild state, is a question as puzzling as it is interesting. As they seem to have been thoroughly domesticated at a time greatly antedating even the earliest dawn of human history, there is no means of tracing them back to the time and place of their original discovery and cultivation. In some instances their long period of cultivation has resulted in such a complete change in the nature of the plants that their wild progenitors, if they still exist, have not yet been recognized or identified. In other cases it is generally believed that the original plant in its natural state has long ago become extinct. Such is the case with maize (Indian corn) and wheat, though there are those who profess to believe that genuine wild wheat is still to be found in the little frequented hilly regions of Mesopotamia.

In the early part of the last century Humboldt, in his treatise on The Geography of Plants, asserted that "the origin, the first home of the plants most useful to man, and which have accompanied him from the remotest epochs, is a secret as impenetrable as the dwelling of all our domestic animals. We do not know what region produced spontaneously wheat, barley, oats or rye. The plants which constitute the natural riches of all the inhabitants of the tropics, the banana, the paw-paw, the manioc, and maize, have never been found in a wild state." During the last forty years, however, research has not been altogether without reward.

Among the important plants under cultivation at the dawn of history, or more than 4,000 years ago, are:

Apples—Still found wild over extensive regions of the north temperate zone. First cultivated in South-eastern Europe or Western Asia.

Barley—Among the most ancient of cultivated plants. The common or four-rowed barley, as also the six-rowed kind, probably originated from the two-rowed, which appears to have

botanists believe it to have been cultivated in Persia and elsewhere at an equally early age.

Pear—First cultivated in the temperate portions of Europe and Asia, where it still flourishes in the wild state.

Rice—First cultivated in Southern China or India. Not native in Egypt, though it has through the greater part of historic time been extensively cultivated there.

Tea—Chinese records are quoted to



EPISCOPAL CHURCH, CARBERRY, MAN.

been the kind earliest cultivated. It is a native of Western Asia.

Cabbage—Still found wild in many parts of Europe, where it has been cultivated from the earliest times.

Cucumber—The original wild species from which the cultivated vine came is supposed to be found still at the foot of the Himalayas, and in other parts of India.

Onion—First cultivated in South-western Asia, where the originals of the cultivated species are still to be found. Held sacred and worshipped in Egypt in very early times.

Peach—De Candolle has no hesitancy in assigning the origin of this fruit to China, though other eminent

prove that tea was cultivated in that country at least 2,700 years before Christ, and it is generally conceded that its use originated in that region.

Turnips—The several species all appear to have originated in Europe, but to have early spread under cultivation into Siberia and other parts of Asia. They are still found in their original wild state in many parts of Northern Europe.

Watermelons—Formerly supposed to have been natives of Southern Italy, but later investigations have traced their origin to Africa. They are certainly indigenous to the "Dark Continent," and are still found wild in the tropical regions on both sides of the equator.

Wheat—The extreme antiquity and wide area of the cultivation of wheat have rendered it difficult to ascertain just where it actually originated. It was well known in the earliest times of which any records are to be found, all through the temperate regions of Asia, Europe and Africa, from China to the Canary Islands. It has been discovered in the bricks of the pyramid of Dashur, Egypt, to which is given a date more than 3350 B. C. The latest researches assign its origin to the region of the Euphrates, where it still exists wild—if anywhere.

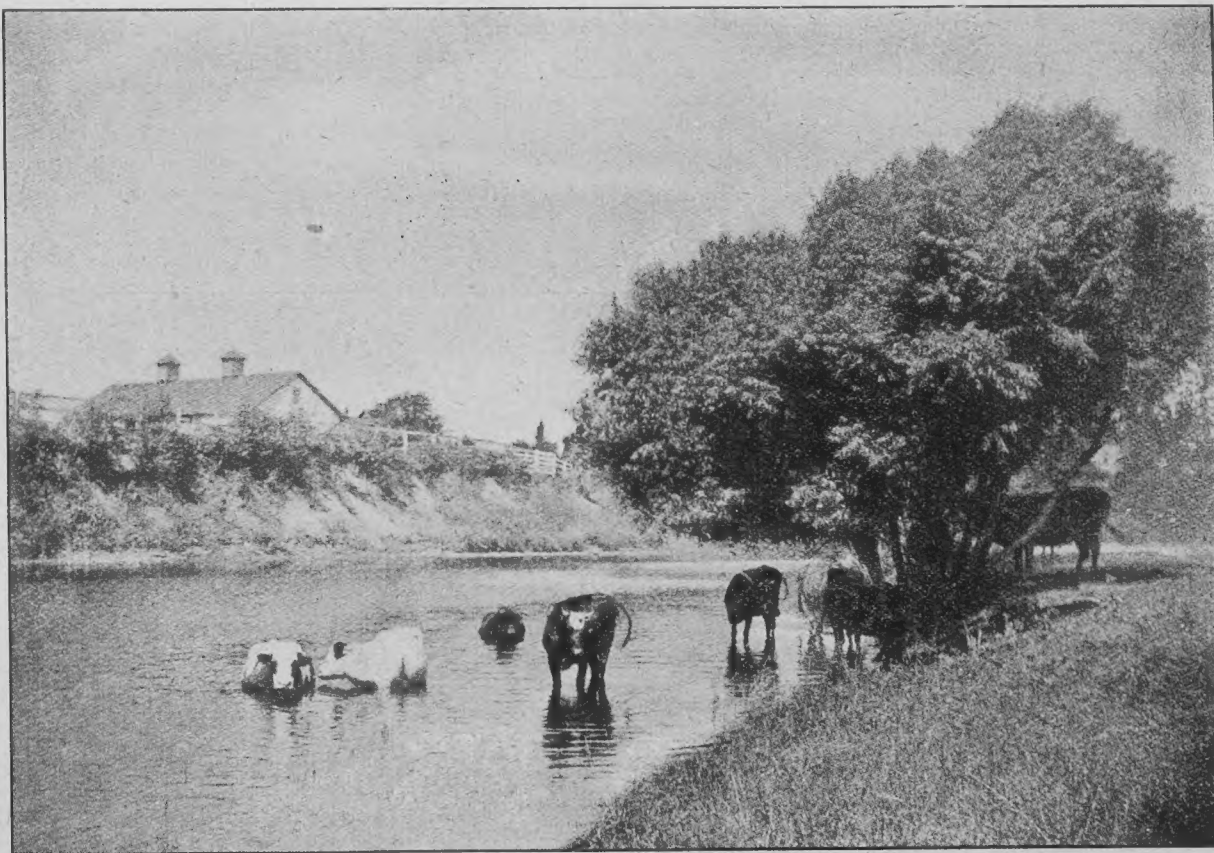
Among plants which are known to have been under cultivation for more than 2,000 years, but not so anciently as the foregoing, are:

Beets—Originated around the shores of the Mediterranean, where they are still to be found in abundance in the wild state.

Cotton—The species now most commonly and generally cultivated originated in Southern Asia, probably in India. Tree cotton is a native of tropical Africa. Sea island cotton is indigenous to America, and one or more species were found under cultivation by the natives around the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico at the time of the discovery of the continent.

Lettuce—Still grow wild along the shores of the Mediterranean Sea, and along the same latitude through to Eastern Asia. It was cultivated as a salad by the ancient Greeks and Romans, and probably at a still earlier period by the Asiatics.

Oats—De Candolle says: "As all



IN SUMMERTIME.

the varieties of oats are cultivated and none have been discovered in a truly wild state, it is very probable that they are all derived from a single prehistoric form," which he traces to Eastern Europe and Tartary. Oats have been found among the remains of the Swiss lake-dwellings of the age of bronze.

Plums—The species or varieties most extensively cultivated appear to have originated in Southeastern Europe or Western Asia.

Rye—Appears to have been first cultivated in Eastern Europe. The discovery of the original wild plant has been claimed, but it is doubted by the best authorities.

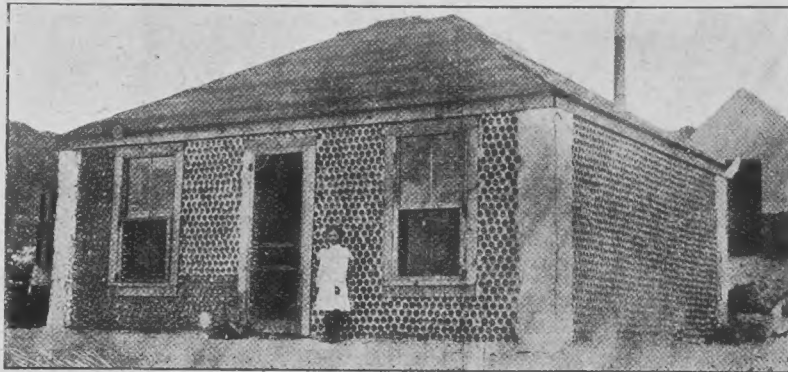
Among the more extensively cultivated and useful plants that the New World has had the honor of furnishing may be mentioned:

Maize—At the time of the discovery of the new continent, we are told, maize was one of the staples of its meagre agriculture, from the La Platte valley to the region of the present United States with every indication of having been cultivated from a great antiquity. Although diligent search has been made it has never been found in the truly wild state, but it is thought to have originated south of the Isthmus—perhaps in the region of New Grenada.

Potato—Like maize, the potato was found under cultivation, and with the

A Bottle House.

This house is one of the most remarkable ever constructed, for it is really composed principally of glass bottles. It stands in the town of Tonopah, Nevada, and was erected by a miner who used the bottles on



A BOTTLE HOUSE.

account of the scarcity of other material. The bottles were placed in rows with the bottom ends outward, as shown in the photograph, and are held in place by mud in place of plaster. The corners of the building are composed of wooden beams, also covered with mud. The walls are about a foot in thickness and are so well construct-

A Winter's Walk in Canada.

Canada has of late been bulking large in the public eye. She it was who first proved federation feasible; she it was who gave practical shape to the idea of imperial unity, by the institution of a preferential tariff: she

linked east and west by her Pacific railway; and it is she who took the initiative in imperial penny postage. From the position of a humble colonial dependency she has risen to the rank of not of a political and fiscal exemplar, at all events of a political and fiscal experimenter. The contrast is notable.

I took the other day a long winter's walk in this country of contrasts. For this, of truth, Canada is. Her climate her scenery, her sentiments, her people, her politics—all exhibit extremes the most extraordinary. A winter of Arctic severity is followed by a tropical summer. Within sight of luxuriant pastures glide stupendous glaciers. Flattest prairies spread to the feet of the mountain ranges, the rivals of the Alps; prim fields, orchards and vineyards encoach upon primeval forests. Along with the hardy apple and the far-famed No. 1 Manitoba wheat, this land produces strawberries, peaches, grapes and melons. Constitutionally content with British connection, her people are intimately influenced by ideas and manners American. Indeed, her people are as heterogeneous as herself. The Maritime Provinces of the extreme east hardly call themselves Canadian; Quebec is French; Ontario is Canadian to the core, so is Manitoba; in the Northwest Territories are settlers from almost every nationality in Europe; British Columbia, in the extreme west, again fights shy of the cognomen Canadian. Newfoundland holds aloft altogether. A rude and toilsome social life goes hand in hand with patches of refinement and culture unmistakable. Canadian cheese took the prize at Chicago; Canadian poetry has been crowned by the academy. Lauding democratic institutions to the skies, radical to the last degree, Canada nevertheless contains within herself castes and cliques, in their horror of such principles, almost rabid. With a political system the counterpart of the British, her politics are rife with personalities, election protests and corruption trials.—Nineteenth Century.

Uphill Work

A Kentucky judge, after a night with the boys, was considerably hilarious, and for a lark the mischief-lovers reversed the wheels on his honor's old cradle-shape wagon, putting the fore wheels behind and the hind wheels in front, thus raising the forepart of the wagon to an unwonted eminence. When he reached home, near morning, his wife naturally wanted to know where he had been all night. He explained by saying in uncertain tones, punctuated with hiccoughs: "Maria, I've been to Louisville. I started in season, but it was ten miles and uphill all the way."

Honor Among Thieves.

In 1846, when bands of outlaws were a constant menace to life and property in Hungary, the widow of a wealthy magnate was living in a lonely castle not far from the principal route between Buda and Vienna. The Lady received one morning a polite note requesting her to provide supper at ten o'clock that night for twelve gentlemen! There could be no doubt as to the character of her self-invited guests; but she realized the futility of sending to town for help, as every road would be watched, and her courier waylaid.

At ten o'clock that evening up rode an armed band of twelve men. The castle gates were thrown open, and the mistress herself stood at the entrance to receive them richly appressed as if to welcome honored and invited guests. She took the arm of the chief and led the way to the dining hall.

There a goodly feast was spread, the tables and sideboard being covered with a magnificent display of gold and silver plate, the accumulation of many generations.

The leaders of the robbers started in surprise, but quickly recovered himself, and acted the part of a well-bred gentleman during the feast. At the close he said:

"Madam, the happiest moments of my life have always been the shortest. In appealing to my honor as you have done tonight, you have saved me from the commission of crime. Bad as I am, no one ever appealed to my honor in vain. As for you," looking sternly around with his hand on his pistol, "whoever takes anything from this house dies."

Subsequently the name of the robber was discovered. He was an impoverished younger son of one of the noblest families in Hungary. His fate was sad enough; he was captured a few months after the above incident, and ended his life under the hands of the common hangman. There is a spark of honor in the lowest heart, that with kindly breath may be coaxed into flame.

My Golden Sands.

To-day I meditate upon the years
Whose sands have fallen in the glass of Time
Since I was flung into this foreign clime
Out of the Infinitude. And it appears
That the reward of agony and tears
Is always knowledge; while the masqued
Of mortal life is modelled on the sublime
Experience—to teach all things but fears.



PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, OTTAWA, ONT.

appearance of ancient usage, at the time of the discovery of America. It is still found wild along the southwest coast of South America, south of the equator, believed to be the region of its origin.

Pumpkin—Appears to have been first cultivated by the natives in the region of Northern Mexico or Southern United States. Texas claims to be its original home.

Tomatoes—Natives of tropical South America, probably Peru. Cultivated in that region at the time of the discovery, but only comparatively recently recognized as an important article of food in the Old World.—Farmers' Magazine.

Stop Your Frettin'

When things don't come along your way,
Can't hurry 'em by frettin';
If clouds o' care obscure your day,
Can't chase 'em off by frettin'.
Your tears just irrigate your woe
An' freshen up an' help it grow—
Don't wash it out o' sight, an' so
There ain't no use in frettin'.

The heavy load you have to bear
Ain't lightened up by frettin';
The sorrow vultures in the air
Ain't skeered away by frettin'.
If debt is crowdin', rent is due,
No cash in hand, an' you are blue,
Can't square yourself by frettin'.

No matter what your cares an' woes,
Don't humor 'em by frettin';
If hard luck aims her heavy blows,
Strike back,—don't go to frettin'.
Screw up your nerve an' hold your grip,
An' keep a frozen upper lip,
Fur anything on earth can whip
The man who gits to frettin'.

—Denver Post.

ed that the house is actually more comfortable in the winter than many of the other dwellings in Tonopah, which are built of other material. It is 20 feet in length, 16 feet in width, and contains two rooms. It was built entirely by the owner, a miner named William F. Peck.

Most of the black hair used in wigs and "switches" comes from the convents of Italy and Spain, while the fair and red hair comes mainly from the heads of Russian, Swedish, German and Danish peasant girls.

The Emperor of Japan comes from an old family. He is the one hundred and twenty-second sovereign of his line, and the crown he wears has descended to him, without interruption, from father to son since about 66 B.C.



And though these little grains of golden sand
Have drawn one thread of silver through my hair,
I would not count them backward. And I swear
That each to come shall leave to my demand
Some spiritual treasure in my hand—
And take no bauble that I would not spare!

—Elsa Barker.

Experience of Hans Korkelspeiler

Hans went into the mail order business and writes his experience thus:

Grasshopper, Ark., May, 1904.

Dear Frens:—I like to talk mit you sometings about my rise by der M.O. peesness. Two monts ago last year I vork by der R. R. track when I see some feller advertosing by der baper. It vas in substance like dis:

"Why vork for others? Pe your own poss. We furnish everyting."

Vell! to make a short story long, in some tays I vas selling aig separators and mending tissue. Dot feller tell me dos was the latest inventions by der market und a goot seller.

In order to mak all der money possible out of dis scheme I did my own ad-writing. I advertose der aig separator someting like dis.

"Beerless Aig Separator! Made mit metal. For separating der shell from der yolk it can't be peet. I tell you those. A handy ting to have around. If you don't want it, tell me; if you doo, send 10 cents bostpaid. Hans Korkelspeiler, Grasshopper, Ark."

In der course of a few days I get some inquiries, but no money. Most of der letters vas for sambles of der vork of der machine und vas sometings like der following:

"Mr. Korkelspeiler, Grasshopper, Ark.

"Please mail uns sambles of der vork of der beerless aig machine. If der vork ess satisfactory we vant it rite away quick olretty. Hurry oop."

After avile I expect to get some money too.

For der mending tissue I advertose someting like dis:

"Mending Tissue:—Mit it you can mend anything, even a broken neck and so fort. It will broke in anoter place twice before it breakes in der same place once. Dandy to paste on buttons, it vas indeed der batchler's delight.

Brice, den cents bospaid by mail. Hans Korkelspeiler, Grasshopper, Ark.

P.S.—If you got any circulars to mail send em to me. I am hot shot from der vord "crackerjack." Can hit uel pulls eye 5 dimes out of 4 every dime. Aint it? H. K.

Yesterday I gets one letter. Der barty vants to know what sourkraut vas vort here. I realize dot in order to pe successfool by der M. O. peesness one must pe courteous and obliging. So I wrote der barty der brice of sourkraut vas fifteen cents der quart und I vould send him some by nail if he vould pay all oexpress.

Dis vas a week ago. I half not heard from der barty not yet.

At der dime I commence by der M. O. peesness I vas vorking by der R. R. track but gife oop der schop as der feller tel me I vould soon half oll der peesness I could do if I vould devote der same attention und energy os I dit by der R. R. peesness.

I begin to find it dakes all my dime to scheme und plan my advertising. It takes brains, I tel you.

Katrena, my vife, is out by der pack yard at dis present riting mowing weeds. She says I vas a tamhule, but she can't fool me. I know her too much alretty.

If I don't got too peesey und I holf blendy dime und nutting to doo, I vill wrote you again. Maybe sometime yet. ain't it?

Success to der poys by der M. O. peesness. Yours for peesness.

HANS KORKELSPEILER.

Although the sea covers three-fourths of the earth's surface, it does not provide in the same proportion for man's wants. Only about 3 per cent. of the people in the world gain a living directly from the sea.

Prize Offerings

It is our aim to improve THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY as time passes, and to make the journal more and more a home paper. It has been very gratifying to us to know that our efforts have been appreciated, and we pass on to pastures new. From time to time we have sought to encourage western literary talent, and now offer the following:

A prize of \$6.00 for the best historical sketch of Manitoba, \$4.00 for the second, \$3.00 for the third, \$2.00 for the fourth, and \$1.00 for the fifth.

The same amounts for a like article on Assiniboia.

Similar amounts for an article on Alberta.

Like amounts for an article on Saskatchewan.

CONDITIONS:

The articles to be written by individuals not over 16 years of age.

Each writer to be a paid-in-advance subscriber to THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY for one year from date of mailing the contribution.

The article to be written on one side of the paper only.

All articles sent in to be the property of THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY. Any one, or all of them to be used in the columns of the paper if we think well.

The names and addresses of the individuals writing to be given with each article.

Where mention of individuals resident in the Province or Territories is made, year in which they came to this country, and where they came from, to be given.

Each article to be not more than 2,000 words. Brevity will be one of the main considerations in deciding the prizes.

All articles to be in our hands before the close of 1904.

BROKEN-DOWN MEN



Men who are broken in health, whose backs are weak, vitality is wasted, nerves are shattered and who are old while young, you are here offered new life, fresh courage and the nerves and vigor which belong to strong men. You can be cured of the effects of past errors, excesses and mistakes. Why hesitate when there is a positive cure so near at hand? I believe I know the reason for your hesitation. It is because you have tried so many remedies which have failed that you have lost faith in mankind and medicine in general. I have a cure which will not fail. It is nature's own remedy—Electricity.

Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt

is worth its weight in gold to every man whose strength and vitality are leaving him. It fills the body with nerve force, warms the blood, stimulates the circulation and restores all the mental and physical energy wasted in earlier years. It does this while you sleep.

Each symptom of your trouble gradually disappears, strength takes the place of weakness, and your life is made happy by the restoration of your old health and vigor.

It is the one sure remedy for the cure of Weak Back, Weak Kidneys, Weak Stomach, Varicocoele, Loss of Strength in young or old, and similar ailments, as well as Dyspepsia, Constipation, etc. How can anyone remain in doubt as to the value of this grand remedy when they see so many cures by it?

RHEUMATISM CURED IN ONE NIGHT.

Dr. McLaughlin,

Dear Sir: I have worn your Belt for about six weeks and can say that my health is improving, and I had a slight attack of rheumatism this spring as usual, but your Belt cured it in one night. My stomach is better and my back is completely cured.

Yours truly, JOHN SWAN, Man.

Call or write for Free Book. I have an 80-page book, beautifully illustrated, which every man should read. I send it, sealed, free. Consultation is free. My Belts not sold in drug stores.

DR. E. M. McLAUGHLIN, 130 Yonge St., Toronto. Office Hours:—9 a.m. to 6 p.m.; Wednesday and Saturday till 8.30 p.m.

A Timely Warning.

While a British brig was gliding smoothly along before a good breeze in the Southern Pacific, three months ago, a flock of small birds about the size, shape and color of paroquets settled down in the rigging and passed an hour or more resting. The second mate was so anxious to find out the species to which the visiting strangers belonged that he tried to entrap a specimen, but the birds were too shy to be thus caught, and too spry to be seized by the quick hands of the sailors. At the end of about an hour the birds took the brig's course, and disappeared, but towards nightfall they came back and passed the night in the maintop. The next morning the birds flew off again, and when they returned at noon the sailors scattered some food about the decks. By this time the birds had become so tame that they hopped about the decks picking up the crumbs. That afternoon an astonishing thing happened. The flock came flying swiftly toward the brig. Every bird seemed to be piping as if pursued by some little invisible enemy on wings, and they at once huddled down behind the deck-house. The superstitious sailors at once called the captain of the brig, who rubbed his eyes and looked at the barometer. A glance showed that something was wrong with the elements, and the brig was put in shape to outride the storm. The storm came about twenty minutes after the birds had reached the vessel. For a few minutes the sky was like the waterless bottom of a lake—a vast arch of yellowish mud—and torrents of rain fell. Why it did not blow very hard no one knows; but on reaching port, two days later, the captain learned that a great tornado had swept across that part of the sea. The birds left the vessel on the morning after the storm and were not seen again.—Maryland Bulletin.

In London there is one licensed drinking place to every 436 inhabitants.

True Courtesy.

General Lee was in the cars going to Richmond one day, and was seated at the end farthest from the door. The other seats were filled with officers and soldiers. An old woman, poorly dressed, entered at one of the stations, and finding no seat, and having none offered her, approached the end where the general was seated. He immediately rose and gave her his seat.

Instantly there was a general rising, each one offering his seat to the general. But he calmly said: "No, gentlemen; if there was not a seat for the infirm old woman, there can be none for me."

The effect was remarkable. One after another got out of the car. The seats seemed to be too hot for them; and the general and the old lady soon had the car to themselves.

The Bachelor's Wish.

Wanted a wife,
To sweeten life,
By a bachelor young and healthy!
I do not care,
So the lady be fair,
How poorly she may be or wealthy.

She must not be tall,
Nor yet very small,
But beautiful, gentle, and young;
With eyes that are bright
And a heart that is light,
And one who can bridle her tongue.

With a soul full of love,
And as pure as a dove,
And a form that is slender and airy;
With a voice like a bird's,
Though of not many words,
And as light on her foot as a fairy.

And when I can find
One just to my mind,
Who'll love me sincerely and ever—
I vow not to leave her,
Nor harm her nor grieve her,
Till death shall the pair of us sever!
—Alfred Wheeler (1844)

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